THE

Provok'd Wife,

A

COMEDY.

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THE

Provok'd Wife:

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

New Theatre,

IN

Little Lincolns-Inn-Fields.

By the Author of a New Comedy call'd the *Relapse*, or *Virtue in Danger*. Vanbrugh

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LONDON,
Printed by *J. O.* for *R. Wellington*, at the Lute in St. *Paul's* Church Yard, and *Sam. Briscoe* in *Covent-Garden* 1697.

ADVERTISEMENT.

☞ Plays lately publiſhed: Anatomiſt, or Sham-Doctor: Rule a Wife and have a Wife: Rover, or the Baniſh'd Cavalier: The Younger Brother, or Amorous Jilt: Spaniſh Wives, a Farce: Unnatural Brother, a Tragedy: Triumphs of Virtue, a Trage-Comedy. All Printed for *Richard Wellington*, at the *Lute* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard: Where you may be furniſhed with moſt Plays.

Next Week will be publiſhed the *Plot and no Plot*, A new Comedy, Written by Mr. *Dennis*.

PROLOGUE

To the Provok'd Wife, ſpoke by Miſtreſs *Bracegirdle.*

SInce 'tis the Intent and Buſineſs of the Stage,
To Copy out the Follies of the Age;
To hold to every Man a Faithful Glaſs,
And ſhew him of what Species he's an Aſs.
I hope the next that teaches in the School,
Will ſhew our Author he's a ſcribling Fool.
And that the Satyr may be ſure to Bite,
Kind Heav'n! Inſpire ſome venom'd Prieſt to Write,
And grant ſome Ugly Lady may Indite.
For I won'd have him laſh'd, by Heav'ns! I would,
Till his preſumption ſwam away in Blood.
Three Plays at once proclaims a Face of Braſs,
No matter what they are! That's not the Caſe,
To Write three Plays, ev'n that's to be an Aſs.
But what I leaſt forgive, he knows it too,
For to his Coſt he lately has known you.
Experience ſhews, to many a Writers ſmart
You hold a Court where mercy ne're had part;
So much of the old Serpent's Sting you have,
You Love to Damn, as Heav'n Delights to Save.
In Foreign Parts, let a bold Voluntiere,
For publick Good upon the Stage appear,
He meets ten thouſand Smiles to Diſſipate his Fear.
All tickle en, th' adventuring young Beginner,
And only ſcourge th' incorragible Sinner;
They touch indeed his Faults, but with a hand
So gentle, that his Merit ſtill may ſtand:
Kindly they Buoy the Follies of his Pen,
That he may ſhun 'em when he Writes again.
But 'tis not ſo, in this good natur'd Town,
All's one, an Ox, a Peet, or a Crown,
Old England's *play was always knocking Down.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

By another Hand.

Spoken by *Lady* Brute *and* Bellinda.

Lady B. NO *Epilogue!*
Bell. *I Swear I know of none.*
Lady. *Lord! How ſhall we excuſe it to the Town?*
Bell. *Why, we muſt e'en ſay ſomething of our own.*
Lady *Our own! Ay, that muſt needs be precious ſtuff.*
Bell. *I'll lay my life they'll like it well enough.*
Come Faith begin———
Lady *Excuſe me, after you.*
Bell. *Nay, pardon me for that, I know my Cue.*
Lady *O for the World, I would not have Precedence.*
Bell. *O Lord!*
Lady *I Swear———*
Bell. *O Fye!*
Lady *I'm all Obedience.*
Firſt then, know all, before our Doom is ſixt,
The Third day is for us———
Bell. *Nay, and the Sixt.*
Lady *We ſpeak not from the Poet now, nor is it*
His Cauſe———(I want a Rhime)
Bell. *That we ſolicite.*
Lady *Then ſure you cannot have the hearts to be ſevere*
And Damn us———
Bell. *Damn us! Let 'em if they Dare.*
Lady *Why, if they ſhould, what puniſhment Remains?*
Bell. *Eternal Exile from behind our Scenes.*
Lady *But if they're kind, that ſentence we'll recal,*
We can be grateful———
Bell. *And have wherewithall.*
Lady *But at grand* Treaties, *hope not to be Truſted,*
Before Preliminaries *are adjuſted.*
Bell. *You know the Time, and we appoint this place;*
Where, if you pleaſe, we'll meet and ſign the Peace.

THE

Drammatis Perſonæ.

Conſtant.	Mr. *Verbrugen.*
Heartfree.	Mr. *Hudſon.*
Sir *John Brute.*	Mr. *Betterton.*
Treble, A Singing Maſter.	Mr. *Bowman.*
Raſor, Vallet de Chambre to Sir *J. B.*	Mr. *Bowen.*
Juſtice of the Peace.	Mr. *Bright.*
Lord Rake } Companions to Sir, *J. B.*	
Coll. Bully }	
Conſtable and Watch.	

Lady *Brute.*	Mrs. *Barry.*
Bellinda her Neice.	Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*
Lady *Fancyfull.*	Mrs. *Bowman.*
Madamoiſelle.	Mrs. *Willis.*

Cor. and *Pipe,* Servants to Lady *Fancy.*

THE

THE

Provok'd Wife.

ACT the Firſt.

Scene Sir John Brute's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir John, ſolus.

WHAT cloying meat is Love, —— when Matrimony's the Sauce to it. Two years Marriage has debaucht my five Senſes. Every thing I ſee, every thing I hear, every thing I feel, every thing I ſmell, and every thing I taſte—methinks has Wife in't.

No Boy was ever ſo weary of his Tutor; no Girl of her Bib; no Nun of doing Penance nor Old Maid of being Chaſt, as I am of being Married.

Sure there's a ſecret Curſe entail'd upon the very Name of Wife. My Lady is a young Lady, a fine Lady, a Witty Lady, a Virtuous Lady —— and yet I hate her. There is but one thing on Earth I loath beyond her: That's fighting. Wou'd my Courage come up but to a fourth part of my Ill Nature, I'd ſtand buff to her Relations, and thruſt her out of Doors.

But Marriage has ſunk me down to ſuch an Ebb of Reſolution, I dare not draw my Sword, tho even to get rid of my Wife. But here ſhe comes.

Enter Lady Brute.

Lady. Do you Dine at home to day, Sir *John*?

Sir Joh. Why, do you expect I ſhou'd tell you, what I don't know my ſelf?

Lady. I thought there was no harm in asking you.

Sir Joh. If thinking wrong were an excuſe for Impertinence, Women might be juſtifi'd in moſt things they ſay or do.

Lady. I'm ſorry I have ſaid any thing to diſpleaſe you.

Sir Joh. Sorrow for things paſt, is of as little Importance to me, as my dining at home or a broad ought to be to you.

Lady B. My Enquiry was only that I might have provided what you lik'd.

Sir Joh. Six to four you had been in the wrong there again, for what I lik'd yeſterday I don't like to day, and what I like to day; 'tis odds I may'nt like to morrow.

Lady B. But if I had ask'd you what you lik'd?

Sir Joh. Why then there would have been more asking about it, than the thing was worth.

Lady B. I wiſh I did but know how I might pleaſe you.

Sir Joh. Ay, but that ſort of knowledge is not a Wife's Talent.

Lady B. What e'er my Talent is, I'm ſure my Will has ever been to make you eaſie.

Sir Joh. If Women were to have their Wills, the World wou'd be finely govern'd.

Lady B. What reaſon have I given you to uſe me as you do of late? It once was otherwiſe: You married me for Love.

Sir Joh. And you me for Money: So you have your Reward, and I have mine.

Lady B. What is it that diſturbs you?

Sir Joh. A Parſon.

Lady B. Why, what has he done to you?

Sir Joh. He has married me. [*Exit Sir* John.

Enter Lady Brute, ſola.

The Devil's in the Fellow I think —— I was told before I married him, that thus 'twou'd be; But I thought I had Charms enough to govern him; and that where there was an Eſtate, a Woman muſt needs be happy; ſo my Vanity has deceiv'd me, and my Ambition has made me uneaſie. But ſome comfort ſtill; if one wou'd be reveng'd of him, theſe are good times; a Woman may have a Gallant, and a ſeparate maintenance too —— The ſurly Puppy—yet he's

he's a Fool for't: For hitherto he has been no Monſter: But who knows how far he may provoke me. I never lov'd him, yet I have been ever true to him; and that, in ſpight of all the attacks of Art and Nature upon a poor weak Womans heart, in favour of a Tempting Lover.

Methinks ſo Noble a Defence as I have made, ſhou'd be rewarded with a better uſage —— Or who can tell ——— Perhaps a good part of what I ſuffer from my Husband may be a Judgment upon me for my cruelty to my Lover. ——Lord with what pleaſure cou'd I indulge that thought, were there but a poſſibility of finding Arguments to make it good. — And how do I know but there may —— Let me ſee —— What oppoſes? —— My Matrimonial Vow? —— Why, what did I Vow: I think I promis'd to be true to my Husband.

Well; and he promis'd to be kind to me.

But he han't kept his Word ———

Why then I'm abſolv'd from mine—— ay, that ſeems clear to me. The Argument's good between the King and the People, why not between the Husband and the Wife? O, but that Condition was not expreſt.——No matter, 'twas underſtood.

Well, by all I ſee, If I argue the matter a little longer with my ſelf, I ſhan't find ſo many Bug-bears in the way, as I thought I ſhou'd. Lord what fine notions of Virtue do we Women take up upon the Credit of old fooliſh Philoſophers. Virtue's it's own reward, Virtue's this, Virtue's that; —Virtue's an Aſs, and a Gallant's worth forty on't.

Enter Bellinda.

Lady. Good morrow, Dear Couſin.

Bel. Good morrow, Madam; you look pleas'd this morning.

Lady. I am ſo.

Bel. With what, pray?

Lady. With my Husband.

Bel. Drown Husbands; for your's is a provoking Fellow: As he went out juſt now, I pray'd him to tell me what time of day 'twas: And he ask'd me if I took him for the Church Clock, that was Oblig'd to tell all the Pariſh.

Lady B. He has been ſaying ſome good obliging things to me too. In ſhort, *Bellinda*, he has us'd me ſo barbarouſly of late, that I cou'd almoſt reſolve to play the down-right Wife, ——— and Cuckold him.

Bel. That wou'd be down-right indeed.

Lady B. Why, after all, there's more to be ſaid for't than you'd Imagine, Child. I know according to the ſtrict Statute Law of Religion, I ſhou'd do wrong: But if there were a Court of Chancery in Heaven, I'm ſure I ſhou'd caſt him.

Bel. If there were a Houſe of Lords, you might.

Lady B. In either I ſhou'd infallibly carry my Cauſe. Why, he is the firſt Agreſſor. Not I.

Bel. Ay, but you know, we muſt return Good for Evil.

Lady B. That may be a miſtake in the Tranſlation——— Prethee be of my opinion, *Bellinda*; for I'm poſitive I'm in the right; and if you'll keep up the Prerogative of a Woman, you'll likewiſe be poſitive you are in the right, when ever you do any thing you have a mind to. But I ſhall play the fool, and jeſt on till I make you begin to think I'm in Earneſt

Bel. I ſha'n't take the liberty, Madam, to think of any thing that you deſire to keep a Secret from me.

Lady B. Alas, my Dear, I have no Secrets. My heart cou'd never yet confine my Tongue.

Bel. Your eyes you mean; for I am ſure I have ſeen them gadding, when your Tongue has been lockt up ſafe enough.

Lady B. My eyes gadding? Prethee after who, Child?

Bel. Why, after one that thinks you hate him, as much as I know you love him.

Lady B. Conſtant you mean.

Bel. I do ſo.

Lady B. Lord, what ſhou'd put ſuch a thing into your head?

Bel. That which puts things into moſt peoples Heads; Obſervation.

Lady B. Why, what have you obſerv'd, in the name of Wonder?

Bel. I have obſerv'd you bluſh when you meet him; force your ſelf away from him; and then be out of humour with every thing about you: In a word; never was poor Creature ſo ſpurr'd on by deſire, and ſo rein'd in with fear!

Lady B. How ſtrong is Fancy!

Bel. How weak is Woman

Lady B. Prethee, Neice, have a better opinion of your Aunt's Inclinations.

Bel. Dear Aunt, have a better opinion of your Neice's Underſtanding.

Lady B. You'll make me Angry.

Bel. You'll make me Laugh.

Lady B. Then you are reſolv'd to perſiſt?

Bel. Poſitively.

Lady Bel. And all I can ſay ——

Bel. Will

Bel. Will ſignifie nothing,

Lady B. Tho' I ſhou'd ſwear 'twere falſe——

Bel. I ſhou'd think it true.

Lady B. Then let us both forgive [*kiſſing her*] for we have both offended. I in making a Secret, you in diſcovering it.

Bel. Good nature may do much: But you have more reaſon to forgive one, than I have to pardon t'other.

Lady B. 'Tis true, *Bellinda*, you have given me ſo many proofs of your Friendſhip, that my reſerve has been indeed a Crime: But that you may more eaſily forgive me, Remember, Child, that when our Nature prompts us to a thing, our Honour and Religion have forbid us. We wou'd (were't poſſible) conceal even from the Soul it ſelf, the knowledge of the Bodies weakneſs.

Bel. Well, I hope, to make your Friend amends, you'll hide nothing from her for the future, tho' the Body ſhou'd ſtill grow weaker and weaker.

Lady B. No, from this moment I have no more reſerve; and for a proof of my Repentance, I own, *Bellinda*, I'm in danger. Merit and Wit aſſault me from without: Nature and Love ſolicite me within; my Husbands barbarous uſage piques me to revenge; and *Sathan* catching at the fair occaſion, throws in my way that vengeance, which of all Vengeance pleaſes Women beſt.

Bel. 'Tis well *Conſtant* don't know the weakneſs of the Fortifications; for o'my Conſcience he'd ſoon come on to the Aſſault.

Lady B. Ay, and I'm afraid carry the Town too. But whatever you may have obſerv'd, I have diſſembled ſo well as to keep him Ignorant. So you ſee I'm no Coquet, *Bellinda*: And if you'll follow my advice you'll never be one neither. 'Tis true, Coquettry is one of the main ingredients in the natural Compoſition of a Woman, and I as well as others, cou'd be well enough pleas'd to ſee a Crowd of young Fellows, Ogling and Glancing and Watching all occaſions to do forty fooliſh officious things: nay ſhou'd ſome of 'em puſh on, even to Hanging or Drowning: Why—Faith—if I ſhou'd let pure Woman alone, I ſhou'd e'en be but too well pleas'd with't.

Bel. I'll ſwear 'twou'd tickle me ſtrangely.

Lady B. But after all, 'tis a Vicious practice in us, to give the leaſt encouragement but where we deſign to come to a Concluſion. For 'tis an unreaſonable thing, to engage a Man in a Diſeaſe which we before-hand reſolve we never will apply a Cure to.

Bel. 'Tis true; but then a Woman muſt abandon one of the ſupream Bleſſings of her Life. For, I am fully convinc'd, no Man has half that pleaſure in poſſeſſing a Miſtreſs, as a Woman has in jilting a Gallant.

Lady B.

Lady B. The Happieſt Woman then on Earth muſt be our Neighbour.

Bel. O the Impertinent Compoſition; ſhe has Vanity and Affectation enough to make her a Ridiculous Original, in ſpight of all that Art and Nature ever furniſht to any of her Sex before her.

Lady B. She concludes all Men her Captives; and whatever Courſe they take, it ſerves to confirm her in that opinion.

Bel. If they ſhun her, ſhe thinks 'tis modeſty, and takes it for a proof of their Paſſion.

Lady B. And if they are rude to her, 'tis Conduct, and done to prevent Town talk.

Bel. When her Folly makes 'em laugh, ſhe thinks they are pleas'd with her Wit.

Lady B. And when her impertinence makes 'em Dull, Concludes they are jealous of her favours.

Bel. All their Actions and their Words, ſhe takes for granted, aim at her.

Lady B. And pities all other Women, becauſe ſhe thinks they envy her.

Bel. Pray, out of pity to our ſelves, let us find a better Subject, for I am weary of this. Do you think your Husband inclin'd to Jealouſie?

Lady B. O, no; he do's not love me well enough for that.

Lord how wrong Men's Maxims are. They are ſeldom jealous of their Wives, unleſs they are very fond of 'em; whereas they ought to conſider the Womans Inclinations, for there depends their Fate.

Well, Men may talk; but they are not ſo Wiſe as we—that's certain.

Bel. At leaſt in our Affairs.

Lady B. Nay, I believe we ſhou'd out do 'em in the buſineſs of the State too: For me thinks they Do and Undo, and make but mad work on't

Bel. Why then don't we get into the Intrigues of Government as well as they?

Lady B. Becauſe we have Intrigues of our own, that make us more ſport, Child. And ſo let's in and conſider of 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.

SCENE. A Dreſſing Room.

Enter Lady Fancyfull, Madamoiſelle *and* Cornet.

Lady Fan. How do I look this morning?

Cor. Your Ladyſhip looks very ill, truly.

Lady Fan. Lard how ill-natur'd thou art, *Cornet*, to tell me ſo, tho the thing ſhould be true. Don't you know that I have humility enough to be but too eaſily out of Conceit with my ſelf. Hold the Glaſs; I dare ſwear that will have more manners than you have. *Madamoiſelle*, let me have your opinion too.

Madam. My opinion pe, Matam, dat your Ladyſhip never look ſo well in your Life.

Lady Fan. Well, the *French* are the prettieſt obliging People, they ſay the moſt acceptable, well manner'd things——and never flatter.

Madam. Your Ladyſhip ſay great Juſtice inteed.

Lady Fan. Nay every thing's Juſt in my Houſe but *Cornet*. The very Looking-Glaſs gives her the *Dementi*. But I'm almoſt afraid it flatters me, it makes me look ſo very engaging. (*Looking affectedly in the Glaſs.*

Madam. Inteed, Matam, your Face pe hanſomer den all de Looking-Glaſs in tee World, croyiez moy.

Lady Fan. But is it poſſible my Eyes can be ſo languiſhing——and ſo very full of fire?

Madam. Matam, if de Glaſs was burning Glaſs, I believe your Eyes ſet de fire in de Houſe.

Lady Fan. You may take that Night-Gown, *Madamoiſelle*; get out of the Room *Cornet*; I can't endure you. This Wench methinks does look ſo unſufferably ugly. (*Exit* Cor.

Madam. Every ting look ugly Matam, dat ſtand by your Latiſhip.

Lady Fan. No really, *Madamoiſelle*, methinks you look mighty pretty.

Madam. Ah Matam; de Moon have no Eclat, ven de Sun appear.

Lady Fan. O pretty Expreſſion. Have you ever been in Love, *Madamoiſelle*?

Madam.

Madam. Ouy, Matam. (*ſighing.*

Lady Fan. And were you, belov'd again?

Madam. No Matam. (*ſighing*

Lady Fan. O ye Gods, What an Unfortunate Creature ſhould I be in ſuch a Caſe. But nature has made me Nice for my own defence; I'm Nice, ſtrangely Nice, *Madamoiſelle*; I believe were the merit of whole mankind beſtow'd upon one ſingle Perſon, I ſhould ſtill think the Fellow wanted ſomething, to make it worth my while to take notice of him: And yet I could Love; nay fondly Love, were it poſſible to have a thing made on purpoſe for me: For I'm not cruel, *Madamoiſelle*, I'm only Nice.

Madam. Ah Matam, I wiſh I was fine Gentelman for your ſake. I do all de ting in de World to get leetel way into your heart. I make Song, I make Verſe, I give you de Serenade, I give great many Preſent to *Madamoiſelle*, I no eat, I no ſleep, I be lean, I be mad, I hang my ſelf, I drown my ſelf? Ah ma Chere Dame, Que je vous Aimerois. (*Embracing her.*

Lady Fan. Well the *French* have ſtrange obliging ways with 'em; you may take thoſe two pair of Gloves *Madamoiſelle.*

Madam. Me humbly tanke my ſweet Lady.

Enter Cornet.

Cor. Madam here's a Letter for your Ladyſhip by the Penny-poſt.

Lady Fan. Some new Conqueſt I'll warrant you. For without Vanity I look'd extreamly clear laſt night, when I went to the Park.

O agreeable. Here's a new Song made of me. And ready ſet too. O thou Welcome thing. (*Kiſſing it*) Call *Pipe* hither, ſhe ſhall Sing it inſtantly.

Enter Pipe.

Here, Sing me this new Song, *Pipe.*

SONG.

SONG.

I.

FLy, fly, you happy Shepherds, fly,
Avoid Philira's *Charms* ;
The rigour of her heart denies
The Heaven that's in her Arms.
Ne'er hope to gaze and then retire,
Nor yielding, to be bleſt:
Nature who form'd her Eyes of Fire,
Of Ice Compos'd her Breaſt.

II.

Yet, lovely Maid, this once believe
A ſlave, whoſe Zeal you move :
The Gods Alas, your youth deceive ;
Their Heaven conſiſts in Love.

In ſpight of all the thanks you owe,
You may Reproach 'em this,
That where they did their Form beſtow
They have deny'd their Bliſs.

Lady Fan. Well, there may be faults, *Madamoiſelle*, but the Deſign is ſo very obliging, 'twou'd be a matchleſs Ingratitude in me to diſcover 'em.

Madam. Ma foy Matam, I tink de Gentelman's Song tell you de trute. If you never love, you never be Happy —— Ah —— que I' aime l' amour moy.

Enter Servant with another Letter.

Serv. Madam here's another Letter for your Ladyſhip.

Lady Fan. 'Tis thus I am importun'd every morning, *Madamoiſelle*. Pray how do the *French* Ladies when they are thus Accablées?

Madam. Matam, dey never Complain. Au Contraire. When one *Frenſe* Laty have got hundred Lover —— Den ſhe do all ſhe can— to get hundred more.

Lady Fan. Well, ſtrike me dead, I think they have Le gout bon. For 'tis an unutterable pleaſure to be ador'd by all the Men, and envy'd by all the Women —— Yet I'll ſwear I'm concerned at the Torture I give 'em. Lard, why was I form'd to make the whole Creation uneaſy? But let me read my Letter. (*Reads.*

'If you have a mind to hear of your faults, inſtead of being prai-
'ſed for your Virtues, take the pains to walk in the Green walk
'in St. *James*'s with your W man an hour hence. You'll there meet
'one, who hates you for ſome things, as he cou'd love you for O-
'thers, and therefore is willing to endeavour your Reformation——
'If you come to the Place I mention, you'll know who I am; if you
'don't, you never ſhall, ſo take your Choice.

This is ſtrangely Familiar, *Madamoiſelle*; now have I a provoking Fancy to know who this Impudent fellow is.

Madam.

Madam. Den take your Scarf and your Mask, and go to de Rendezvous De *Frenſe* Laty do iuſtement comme ſa.

Lady Fan. Rendezvous! What, Rendezvous with a man; *Madamoiſelle.*

Madam Eh, pourquoy non?

Lady Fan. What? and a man perhaps I never ſaw in my Life.

Madam. Tant mieux: c'eſt donc quelque choſe de nouveau.

Lady Fan. Why, how do I know what deſigns he may have. He may intend to Raviſh me for ought I know.

Madam. Raviſh? —— Bagatelle. I would fain ſee one Impudent Rogue Raviſh *Madamoiſelle*; Ouy, je le voudrois.

Lady Fan. O but my Reputation, *Madamoiſelle*, my Reputation, ah ma Chere Reputation.

Madam. Matam; —— Quand on l'a une fois perdue —— On n'en eſt plus embaraſsée.

Lady Fan. Fe *Madamoiſelle*, Fe: Reputation is a Jewel.

Madam. Qui coute bien chere Matam.

Lady Fan. Why ſure you wou'd not Sacrifice your Honor to your Pleaſure?

Madam Je ſuis Philoſophe.

Lady Fan. Bleſs me how you talk. Why what if Honour be a burden, *Madamoiſelle*, muſt it not be born?

Madam. Chaque un a ſa faſon —— quand quelque choſe m' incommode moy je m' en defais, Vite.

Lady Fan. Get you gone you little naughty *French* woman you, I vow and ſwear I muſt turn you out of doors if you talk thus.

Madam. Turn me out of doors? —— turn your ſelf out of doors and go ſee what de Gentelman have to ſay to you Tennez. Voila [*giving her her things haſtily*] voſtre Eſharpe, Voila voſtre Quoife, Voila voſtre Maſque, Voila tout.

Hey, Mercure, Coquin; Call one Chair for Matam, and one oder (*Calling within.*) for me, Va t'en Vite. (*Turning to her Lady and helping her on haſtily with her things.*

Alons, Matam; depechez vous donc. Mon Dieu quelles ſcrupules.

Lady Fan. Well, for once, *Madamoiſelle*, I'll follow your Advice, out of the intemperate deſire I have to know who this ill bred Fellow is. But I have too much Delicateſſe, to make a Practice on it.

Madam. Belle choſe Vraiment que la Delicateſſe, lors qu' il s'agit deſe devertir. — a za —— Vous Voila equipée parto ns. —— He bien? —— q' avez. vous donc?

Lady Fan. I' ay peur.
Madam. I' n'en ay point moy.
Lady Fan. I dare not go.
Madam. Demeurez donc.
Lady Fan. Je ſuis Poltrone.
Madam. Tant pis pour Vous
Lady Fan. Curioſity's a wicked Devil.
Madam. C'eſt une Charmante Sainte.
Lady Fan. It ruin'd our firſt Parents.
Madam. Elle a bien diverti leurs Enfants.
Lady Fan. L' honneur eſt contre.
Madam. Le plaiſir eſt pour.
Lady Fan. Muſt I then go?
Madam. Muſt you go?——muſt you eat, muſt you drink, muſt you ſleep, muſt you live? De nature bid you do one, de nature bid you do toder. Vous me ferez enrager.
Lady Fan. But when reaſon corrects nature, *Madamoiſelle.*
Madam. Elle eſt donc bien Inſolente C'eſt ſa ſœur aiſnée.
Lady Fan. Do you then prefer your nature to your reaſon, *Madamoiſelle.*
Madam. Ouy da.
Lady Fan. Pourquoy?
Madam. Becauſe my nature make me merry, my reaſon make me mad.
Lady Fan. Ah la Mechante Franſoiſe.
Madam. Ah la Belle Angloiſe, *(forcing her Lady off.*

The End of the firſt Act.

ACT the Second.

SCENE, *St.* James's *Park.*

Enter Lady Fanciful *and* Madamoiſelle.

Lady Fanc. WEll, I vow, *Madamoiſelle* I'm ſtrangely impatient to know who this confident Fellow is.

Enter Heartfree.

Look, there's *Heartfree.* But ſure it can't be him, he's a profeſs'd Woman-hater. Yet who knows what my wicked Eyes may have done?

Madam. Il nous approche, Madam.

Lady Fanc. Yes, 'tis he: Now will he be moſt intolerably Cavalier, tho' he ſhould be in love with me.

Heartf. Madam, I'm your humble Servant: I perceive you have more Humility and Good-nature than I thought you had.

Lady Fanc. What you attribute to Humility and Good-nature, Sir, may perhaps be only due to Curioſity. I had a mind to know who 'twas had ill manners enough to write that Letter.

(*Throwing him his Letter.*

Heartf. Well, and now, I hope, you are ſatisfied.

Lady Fanc. I am ſo, Sir; good b'w y to ye.

Heartf. Nay, hold there; tho' you have done your Buſineſs, I han't done mine: By your Ladiſhip's leave, we muſt have one moments prattle together. Have you a mind to be the prettieſt Woman about Town, or not? How ſhe ſtares upon me! What! this paſſes for an impertinent Queſtion with you now, becauſe you think you are ſo already.

Lady Fanc. Pray Sir, let me ask you a Queſtion in my turn: By what right do you pretend to examine me?

Heartf. By the ſame right that the Strong govern the Weak, becauſe I have you in my power; for you cannot get ſo quickly to your

your Coach, but I ſhall have time enough to make you hear every thing I have to ſay to you.

Lady Fanc. Theſe are ſtrange Liberties you take, Mr. *Heartfree.*

Heartf. They are ſo, Madam, but there's no help for it; for know, that I have a Deſign upon you.

Lady Fanc. Upon me, Sir!

Heartfr. Yes; and one that will turn to your Glory and my Comfort, if you will but be a little wiſer than you uſe to be.

Lady Fanc. Very well, Sir.

Heartfr. Let me ſee, ——Your Vanity, Madam, I take to be about ſome eight degrees higher than any Womans in the Town, let t'other be who ſhe will; and my Indifference is naturally about the ſame pitch. Now, cou'd you find the way to turn this Indifference into Fire and Flames, methinks your Vanity ought to be ſatisfied; and this, perhaps, you might bring about upon pretty reaſonable terms.

Lady Fanc. And pray at what rate would this Indifference be bought off, if one ſhould have ſo deprav'd an Appetite to deſire it?

Heartfr. Why, Madam, to drive a Quaker's Bargain, and make but one word with you, if I do part with it,—— you muſt lay me down ——— your Affectation.

Lady Fanc. My Affectation, Sir!

Heartfr. Why, I ask you nothing but what you may very well ſpare.

Lady Fanc. You grow rude, Sir. Come, *Madamoiſelle*, 'tis high time to be gone.

Madam. Alons, alons, alons.

Heartfr. (*ſtopping 'em*) Nay, you may as well ſtand ſtill for hear me, you ſhall, walk which way you pleaſe.

Lady Fanc. What mean you, ſir?

Heartfr. I mean to tell you, that you are the moſt ungrateful Woman upon Earth.

Lady Fanc. Ungrateful! To who?

Heartfr. To Nature.

Lady Fanc. Why, what has Nature done for me?

Heartfr. What you have undone by Art. It made you handſom; it gave you Beauty to a Miracle, a Shape without a fault, Wit enough to make 'em reliſh, and ſo turn'd you looſe to your own Diſcretion; which has made ſuch Work with you, that you are become the

the Pity of our Sex, and the Jeſt of your own. There is not a Feature in your Face, but you have found the way to teach it ſome affected Convulſion; your Feet, your Hands, your very Fingers ends, are directed never to move without ſome ridiculous Air or other; and your Language is a ſuitable Trumpet, to draw Peoples Eyes upon the Raree-ſhow.

Madam. (*aſide*) Eſt ce qu'on fais l'amour en Angleterre comme ſa?

Lady Fanc. (*aſide*) Now could I cry for madneſs, but that I know he'd laugh at me for it.

Heartfr. Now do you hate me for telling you the Truth; but that's becauſe you don't believe it is ſo: for were you once convinc'd of that, you'd reform for your own ſake. But 'tis as hard to perſwade a Woman to quit any thing that makes her ridiculous, as 'tis to prevail with a Poet to ſee a Fault in his own Play.

Lady Fanc. Every Circumſtance of nice Breeding muſt needs appear ridiculous to one who has ſo natural an Antipathy to good Manners.

Heartfr. But ſuppoſe I could find the means to convince you, That the whole World is of my Opinion, and that thoſe who flatter and commend you, do it to no other intent, but to make you perſevere in your Folly, that they may continue in their Mirth.

Lady Fanc. Sir, tho' you and all that World you talk of, ſhould be ſo impertinently officious, as to think to perſwade me, I don't know how to behave my ſelf, I ſhould ſtill have Charity enough for my own Underſtanding, to believe my ſelf in the right, and all you in the wrong.

Madam. Le voila mort. (*Exeunt Lady* Fanc. *and Madamoiſelle.*

Heartfr. (*gazing after her*) There her ſingle Clapper has publiſh'd the ſenſe of the whole Sex.

Well, this once I have endeavour'd to waſh the Blackamoor white; but henceforward I'll ſooner undertake to teach Sincerity to a Courtier, Generoſity to an Uſurer, Honeſty to a Lawyer, nay, Humility to a Divine, than Diſcretion to a Woman I ſee has once ſet her Heart upon playing the Fool.

Enter

Enter Conſtant.

'Morrow, *Conſtant.*

Conſt. Good morrow, *Jack*; What are you doing here this morning?

Heartfr. Doing! gueſs if thou canſt. Why, I have been endeavouring to perſwade my Lady *Fanciful*, that ſhe's the fooliſheſt Woman about Town.

Conſt. A pretty Endeavour truly.

Heartfr. I have told her in as plain Engliſh as I could ſpeak, both what the Town ſays of her, and what I think of her. In ſhort, I have us'd her as an Abſolute King would do *Magna Charta.*

Conſt. And how does ſhe take it?

Heartfr. As Children do Pills; bite 'em, but can't ſwallow 'em.

Conſt. But, prithee, what has put it in your Head, of all Mankind, to turn Reformer?

Heartfr. Why, one thing was, the Morning hung upon my Hands, I did not know what to do with my ſelf. And another was, That as little as I care for Women, I could not ſee with patience one that Heaven had taken ſuch wondrous pains about, be ſo very induſtrious, to make her ſelf the *Jack Pudding* of the Creation.

Conſt. Well, now could I almoſt wiſh to ſee my cruel Miſtriſs make the ſelf-ſame uſe of what Heaven has done for her, that ſo I might be cur'd of a Diſeaſe that makes me ſo very uneaſie; for Love, Love is the Devil, *Heartfree.*

Heartfr. And why do you let the Devil govern you?

Conſt. Becauſe I have more Fleſh and Blood than Grace and Self-denial. My dear, dear Miſtriſs, 'dſdeath! that ſo genteel a Woman ſhould be a Saint, when Religion's out of faſhion!

Heartfr. Nay, ſhe's much in the wrong truly; but who knows how far Time and Good Example may prevail?

Conſt. O! they have play'd their Parts in vain already: 'Tis now two Years ſince that damn'd fellow her Husband invited me to his Wedding; and there was the firſt time I ſaw that charming Woman, whom I have lov'd ever ſince, more than e'er a Martyr did his Soul; but ſhe's cold, my Friend, ſtill cold as the Northern Star.

Heartfr. So are all Women by Nature, which makes 'em ſo willing to be warm'd.

Conſt.

Conſt. O, don't prophane the ſex; prithee think 'em all Angels for her ſake, for ſhe's virtuous, even to a fault.

Heartfr. A Lover's Head is a good accountable thing truly; he adores his Miſtriſs for being virtuous, and yet is very angry with her, becauſe ſhe won't be lewd.

Conſt. Well, the only Relief I expect in my Miſery, is to ſee thee ſome day or other as deeply engag'd as my ſelf, which will force me to be merry in the midſt of all my Misfortunes.

Heartfr. That day will never come, be aſſur'd, *Ned*: Not but that I can paſs a Night with a Woman, and for the time, perhaps, make my ſelf as good ſport as you can do. Nay, I can court a Woman too, call her Nymph, Angel, Goddeſs, what you pleaſe; but here's the Difference 'twixt you and I: I perſwade a Woman ſhe's an Angel; ſhe perſwades you ſhe's one.

Prithee let me tell you how I avoid falling in love; that which ſerves me for Prevention, may chance to ſerve you for a Cure.

Conſt. Well, uſe the Ladies moderately then, and I'll hear you.

Heartfr. That uſing 'em moderately undoes us all; but I'll uſe 'em juſtly, and that you ought to be ſatisfied with.

I always conſider a Woman, not as the Taylor, the Shoo-maker, the Tire-woman, the Sempſtreſs, (and which is more than all that) the Poet makes her; but I conſider her as pure Nature has contriv'd her, and that more ſtrictly than I ſhould have done our old Grandmother *Eve*, had I ſeen her naked in the Garden; for I conſider her turn'd inſide out. Her Heart well examin'd, I find there Pride, Vanity, Covetouſneſs, Indiſcretion, but above all things, Malice; Plots eternally aforging, to deſtroy one-anothers Reputations, and as honeſtly to charge the Levity of Mens Tongues with the Scandal; hourly Debates how to make poor Gentlemen in love with 'em, with no other intent, but to uſe 'em like Dogs when they have done; a conſtant Deſire of doing more miſchief, and an everlaſting War, wag'd againſt Truth and Good-nature.

Conſt. Very well, Sir, an admirable Compoſition truly.

Heartfr. Then for her Outſide, I conſider it meerly as an Outſide; She has a thin Tiffany covering over juſt ſuch Stuff as you and I are made on.

As for her Motion, her Meen, her Airs, and all thoſe Tricks, I know they affect you mightily. If you ſhould ſee your Miſtriſs at a Coronation, dragging her Peacock's Train, with all her ſtate and inſolence about her, 'twould ſtrike you with all the awful thoughts that Heaven it ſelf could pretend to from you; whereas I turn the

whole matter into a Jeſt, and ſuppoſe her ſtrutting in the ſelf-ſame ſtately manner, with nothing on but her Stays, and her under ſcanty quilted Petticoat.

Conſt. Hold thy prophane Tongue, for I'll hear no more.

Heartfr. What, you'll love on then?

Conſt. Yes, to Eternity.

Heartfr. Yet you have no Hopes at all.

Conſt. None.

Heartfr. Nay, the Reſolution may be diſcreet enough; perhaps you have found out ſome new Philoſophy, That Love's like Virtue, its own Reward: ſo you and your Miſtriſs will be as well content at a diſtance, as others that have leſs Learning are in coming together.

Conſt. No; but if ſhe ſhould prove kind at laſt, my dear *Heartfree.* (*Embracing him.*

Heartfr. Nay, prithee don't take me for your Miſtriſs, for Lovers are very troubleſome.

Conſt. Well, who knows what Time may do?

Heartfr. And juſt now he was ſure Time could do nothing.

Conſt. Yet not one kind Glance in Two Years, is ſomewhat ſtrange.

Heartfr. Not ſtrange at all; ſhe don't like you, that's all the buſineſs.

Conſt. Prithee don't diſtract me.

Heartfr. Nay, you are a good handſome young Fellow, ſhe might uſe you better: Come, will you go ſee her? perhaps ſhe may have chang'd her mind; there's ſome Hopes as long as ſhe's a Woman.

Conſt. O, 'tis in vain to viſit her: ſometimes to get a ſight of her, I viſit that Beaſt her Husband, but ſhe certainly finds ſome Pretence to quit the Room as ſoon as I enter.

Heartfr. It's much ſhe don't tell him you have made Love to her too, for that's another good-natur'd thing uſual amongſt Women, in which they have ſeveral Ends.

Sometimes 'tis to recommend their Virtue, that they may be lewd with the greater ſecurity.

Sometimes 'tis to make their Husbands fight in hopes they may be kill'd, when their Affairs require it ſhould be ſo. But moſt commonly 'tis to engage two men in a Quarrel, that they may have the Credit of being fought for; and if the Lover's kill'd in the buſineſs, they cry, *Poor Fellow! he had ill Luck.* —— And ſo they go to Cards.

Conſt.

Conſt. Thy Injuries to Women are not to be forgiven. Look to't if ever thou doſt fall into their hands ——

Heartfr. They can't uſe me worſe than they do you, that ſpeak well of 'em.

Conſt. Oho! here comes the Knight.

Enter Sir John Brute.

Heartfr. Your humble Servant, Sir *John.*

Sir J. Servant, Sir.

Heartfr. How does all your Family?

Sir J. Pox o' my Family.

Conſt. How does your Lady? I han't ſeen her abroad a good while.

Sir J. Do! I don't know how ſhe does, not I; ſhe was well enough yeſterday: I ha'n't been at home to night.

Conſt. What! were you out of Town!

Sir J. Out of Town! no, I was drinking.

Conſt. You are a true *Engliſhman*; Don't know your own Happineſs? if I were married to ſuch a Woman, I would not be from her a Night for all the Wine in *France.*

Sir J. Not from her! —— Oons, —— what a time ſhould a man have of that!

Heartfr. Why, there's no Diviſion, I hope?

Sir J. No; but there's a Conjunction, and that's worſe; a Pox o' the Parſon. —— Why the plague don't you two marry? I fanſie I look like the Devil to you.

Heartfr. Why, you don't think you have Horns, do you?

Sir J. No; I believe my Wife's Religion will keep her honeſt.

Heartfr And what will make her keep her Religion?

Sir J. Perſecution; and therefore ſhe ſhall have it.

Heartfr. Have a care Knight, Women are tender things.

Sir J. And yet, methinks, 'tis a hard matter to break their Hearts.

Conſt. Fie, fie; you have one of the beſt Wives in the World, and yet you ſeem the moſt uneaſie Husband.

Sir J. Beſt Wives! —— the Woman's well enough, ſhe has no Vice that I know of, but ſhe's a Wife, and —— damn a Wife; if I were married to a Hogſhead of Claret, Matrimony would make me hate it.

Heartfr. Why did you marry then? you were old enough to know your own mind.

Sir J. Why did I marry! I married becauſe I had a mind to lie with her, and ſhe would not let me.

Heartfr. Why did not you raviſh her?

Sir J. Yes, and ſo have hedg'd my ſelf into forty Quarrels with her Relations, beſides buying my Pardon: But more than a' that, you muſt know, I was afraid of being damn'd in thoſe days, for I kept ſneaking cowardly Company, Fellows that went to Church, ſaid Grace to their Meat, and had not the leaſt Tincture of Quality about 'em.

Heartfr. But I think you are got into a better Gang now.

Sir J. Zoons, Sir, my Lord *Rake* and I are Hand and Glove, I believe we may get our Bones broke together to night; Have you a mind to ſhare a Frolick?

Conſt. Not I truly, my Talent lies to ſofter Exerciſes.

Sir J. What? a Doune-bed and a Strumpet?
A Pox of Venery, I ſay.
Will you come and drink with me this Afternoon?

Conſt. I can't drink to day, but we'll come and ſit an hour with you if you will.

Sir J. Phugh, Pox, ſit an hour!
Why can't you drink?

Conſt. Becauſe I'm to ſee my *Miſtriſs*.

Sir J. Who's that?

Conſt. Why, do you uſe to tell?

Sir J. Yes.

Conſt. So won't I.

Sir J. Why?

Conſt. Becauſe 'tis a Secret.

Sir J. Wou'd my Wife knew it, 'twould be no Secret long.

Conſt. Why, do you think ſhe can't keep a Secret?

Sir J. No more than ſhe can keep *Lent*.

Heartfr. Prithee tell it her to try, *Conſtant*.

Sir J. No, prithee don't, that I mayn't be plagu'd with it.

Conſt. I'll hold you a Guinea you don't make her tell it you.

Sir J. I'll hold you a Guinea I do.

Conſt. Which way?

Sir *Joh.* Why I'll beg her not to tell it me.

Heartfr. Nay, if any thing do's it, that will.

Con. But do you think, Sir? ——

Sir *Joh.* Oons, Sir, I think a Woman and a Secret, are the two impertinenteſt Themes in the Univerſe. Therefore pray let's hear no more, of my Wife nor your Miſtreſs. Damn 'em both with all

all my Heart, and every thing elſe that Daggles a Petticoat, except four Generous Whores, with *Betty Sands* at the head of 'em, who were drunk with my Lord *Rake* and I, ten times in a Fortnight. [*Exit Sir* John.

Cor. Here's a dainty fellow for you. And the verieſt Coward too. But his uſage of his Wife makes me ready to ſtab the Villain.

Heartſy. Lovers are ſhort ſighted: All their Senſes run into that of feeling. This proceeding of his is the only thing on Earth can make your Fortune. If any thing can prevail with her to accept of a Gallant 'tis his ill uſage of her; for Women will do more for revenge than they'll do for the Goſpel.

Prethee take heart, I have great hopes for you, and ſince I can't bring you quite off of her, I'll endeavour to bring you quite on; for a whining Lover, is the damn'd ſt Companion upon Earth.

Cor. My Dear Friend, flatter me a little more with theſe hopes; for whilſt they prevail I have Heaven within me, and cou'd melt with joy.

Heart. Pray no melting yet: let things go farther firſt. This afternoon perhaps we ſhall make ſome advance. In the mean while, let's go Dine at *Locket*'s, and let hope get you a Stomach. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE. *Lady* Fancyful's *Houſe.*

Enter Lady Fancyfull *and* Madamoiſelle.

Lady F. Did you ever ſee any thing ſo Importune, Madamoiſelle?

Madam. Inteed Matam, to ſay de trute, he want leetel good breeding.

Lady F. Good breeding? He wants to be Cain'd, Madamoiſelle: an Inſolent Fellow.

And yet let me expoſe my Weakneſs, 'tis the only Man on earth I cou'd reſolve to diſpence my Favours on, were he but a fine Gentleman. Well; did Men but know how deep an Impreſſion a fine Gentleman makes in a Lady's heart, they wou'd reduce all their ſtudies to that of good breeding alone.

Enter Cornet.

Cor. Madam here's *Mr. Treble.* He has brought home the Verſes your Ladyſhip made, and gave him to ſet.

Lady F. O let him come in by all means.

Now, Madamoiſelle, am I going to be unſpeakably happy.

So,

Enter Treble.

So Mr. *Treble*, you have ſet my little Dialogue?

Treb. Yes, Madam, and I hope your Ladyſhip will be pleaſed with it.

Lady F. O, no doubt on't; for really Mr. *Treble*, you ſet all things to a Wonder: But your Muſick is in particular Heavenly, when you have my words to cloath in't.

Treb. Your words themſelves, Madam, have ſo much Muſick in 'em they inſpire me.

Lady F. Nay, now you make me bluſh, Mr. *Treble*; but pray let's hear what you have done.

Treb. You ſhall, Madam.

A Song to be Sung between a Man and a Woman.

M. *AH Lovely Nymph, the world's on Fire:*
Viel, Veil thoſe cruel Eyes.
W. *The World may then in Flames expire,*
And boaſt that ſo it Dies.
M. *But when all Mortals are deſtroy'd,*
Who then ſhall Sing your Praiſe?
W. *Thoſe who are fit to be employ'd:*
The Gods ſhall Altars raiſe.

Treb. How do's your Ladſhip like it, Madam?

Lady F. Rapture, Rapture, Mr. *Treble*, I'm all Rapture. O Wit and Art, what power you have when joyn'd. I muſt needs tell you the Birth of this Little Dialogue, Mr. *Treble*. It's Father was a Dream, and it's Mother was the Moon. I dreamt, that by an unanimous Vote, I was choſen Queen of that Pale World. And that the firſt time I appear'd upon my Throne, — all my Subjects fell in Love with me. Juſt then I wak'd: and ſeeing Pen, Ink and Paper lie idle upon the Table, I ſlid into my Morning Gown, and writ this *in prompt u.*

Treb.

Treb. So I guess the Dialogue, Madam, is suppos'd to be between your Majesty and your first Minister of State.

Lady F. Just: he as Minister advises me to trouble my head about the welfare of my Subjects; which I as Soveraign, find a very impertinent proposal. But is the Town so Dull, Mr. *Treble*, it affords us never another New Song?

Treb. Madam, I have one in my Pocket, came out but yesterday, if your Ladyship pleases to let Mrs. *Pipe* Sing it.

Lady F. By all means. Here *Pipe*. Make what Musique you can of this Song, here.

SONG.

NOT an Angel dwells above
Half so fair as her I Love:
Heaven knows how she'll receive me:
If she smiles, I'm blest indeed
If she frowns, I'm quickly freed;
Heaven knows, she ne'er can grieve me.

II.

None can Love her more than I,
Yet she ne'er shall make me die.
If my flame can never warm her;
Lasting Beauty, I'll adore,
I shall never Love her more,
Cruelty will so deform her.

Lady F. Very well: This is *Heartfree*'s Poetry without question.

Treb. Won't your Ladiship please to sing your self this morning?

Lady F. O Lord, Mr. *Treble*, my cold is still so Barbarous, to refuse me that pleasure; He he hem.

Treb. I'm very sorry for it, Madam: Methinks all Mankind shou'd turn Physicians for the Cure on't.

Lady F. Why truly to give mankind their due; There's few that know me, but have offer'd their Remedy.

Treb. They have reason, Madam, for I know no body Sings so near a Cherubin as your Ladyship.

Lady

Lady F. What I do I owe chiefly to your skill and care, Mr. *Treble*. People do flatter me indeed, that I have a voice and a je ne ſcai quoy in the Conduct of it, that will make Muſick of any thing. And truly I begin to believe ſo, ſince what happen'd t'other night: would you think it, Mr. *Treble*; walking pretty late in the Park, (for I often walk late in the Park, Mr. *Treble*;) A whim took me to ſing Chivy-Chaſe, and would you believe it? Next morning I had three Copies of Verſes, and ſix Billet-doux at my Levee upon it.

Treb. And without all diſpute you deſerv'd as many more, Madam, are there any further Commands for your Ladyſhip's humble Servant?

Lady F. Nothing more at this time, Mr. *Treble*. But I ſhall expect you here every morning for this Month, to ſing my little matter there to me. I'll reward you for your pains.

Treb. O Lord, Madam ———

Lady F. Good morrow, ſweet Mr. *Treble*.

Treb. Your Ladyſhips moſt obedient Servant. (*Exit Treb.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Will your Ladyſhip pleaſe to dine yet? (*Exit. Serv.*

Lady F. Yes: let 'em ſerve.

Sure this *Heartfree* has bewitch'd me, *Madamoiſelle*.
You can't imagine how odly he mixt himſelf in my thoughts during my Rapture e'en now. I vow 'tis a thouſand pities he is not more poliſh'd. Don't you think ſo?

Madam. Matam. I tink it ſo great pity, dat if I was in your Ladyſhip place, I take him home in my Houſe, I lock him up in my Cloſet, and I never let him go till I teach him every ting dat fine Lady expect from fine Gentelman.

Lady F. Why truly I believe, I ſhou'd ſoon ſubdue his Brutality; for without doubt, he has a ſtrange penchant to grow fond of me, in ſpight of his Averſion to the Sex, elſe he wou'd ne'er have taken ſo much pains about me. Lord how proud wou'd ſome poor Creatures be of ſuch a Conqueſt? But I alas, I don't know how to receive as a favour, what I take to be ſo infinitely my due But what ſhall I do to new mould him, *Madamoiſelle*? for till then he's my utter averſion.

Madam. Matam, you muſt laugh at him in all de place dat you meet him, and turn into de ridicule all he ſay and all he do.

Lady F. Why truly Satyr has been ever of wonderous uſe, to reform ill manners. Beſides 'tis my particular Talent to ridicule folks. I can be ſevere; ſtrangely ſevere, when I will, *Madamoiſelle*. ——— Give me the Pen and Ink: ——I find my ſelf whimſicall——I'll write to him.

——— or

——— or I'll let it alone, and be ſevere upon him that way. *Siting down to write.* *Riſing up again.*

——— Yet active ſeverity is better than paſſive. *Siting down.*

——— 'Tis as good let alone too, for every laſh I give him, perhaps he'll take for a favour. *Riſing*

——— Yet 'tis a thouſand pities ſo much Satyr ſhould be loſt. *Siting.*

——— But if it ſhou'd have a wrong effect upon him 'twould diſtract me. *Riſing.*

——— Well I muſt write tho' after all. *Siting*

——— Or I'll let it alone which is the ſame thing. *Riſing.*

Madam. La Voilá determinée. (*Exeunt.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT the Third.

SCENE Opens. Sir *John*, Lady *Brute* and *Bellinda* riſing from the Table.

Sir *J.* HEre; take away the things: I expect Company. But firſt bring me a Pipe; I'll ſmoak. (*to a Servant.*

Lady B. Lord, Sir *John*, I wonder you won't leave that naſty Cuſtom.

Sir *J.* Prithee don't be Impertinent.

Bel. to *Lady.* I wonder who thoſe are he expects this afternoon.

Lady B. I'd give the World to know: Perhaps 'tis *Conſtant*; he comes here ſometimes; If it does prove him, I'm reſolved I'll ſhare the viſit.

Bel. We'll ſend for our Work and ſit here.

Lady B He'll choak us with his Tobacco.

Bel. Nothing will choak us, when we are doing what we have a mind to.

Enter Lovewell.

Love. Madam.

Lady B. Here; bring my Couſin's work and mine hither

Exit Love. *and Re-enters with their Work.*

Sir *J.* Whu; Pox, can't you work ſomewhere elſe?

Lady J. We ſhall be carefull not to diſturb you, Sir.

Bel. Your Pipe would make you too thoughtfull, Unkle, if you were left alone; Our prittle prattle will Cure your Spleen.

Sir *J.* Will it ſo, Mrs. Pert? Now I believe it will ſo increaſe it (*ſitting and ſmoaking.*

I ſhall take my own Houſe for a Paper-Mill.

Lady B. to *Bel. aſide* Don't let's mind him; let him ſay what he will.

Sir *J.* A Woman's Tongue a cure for the Spleen—Oons—(*aſide.* If a Man had got the Headach, they'd be for applying the ſame Remedy.

Lady B. You have done a great deal *Bellinda* ſince yeſterday.

Bel. Yes, I have work'd very hard; how do you like it?

Lady B. O' 'tis the prettieſt Fringe in the World. Well Couſin you have the happieſt fancy. Prithee advice me about altering my Crimſon Petticoat.

Sir *J.* A Pox o' your Petticoat; here's ſuch a prating a man can't digeſt his own thoughts for you.

Lady B. Don't anſwer him. (*Aſide* Well, what do you adviſe me?

Bel. Why really I would not alter it at all. Methinks 'tis very pretty as it is.

Lady B. Ay that's true: But you know one grows weary of the prettieſt things in the world, when one has had 'em long.

Sir *J.* Yes, I have taught her that.

Bel. Shall we provoke him a little?

Lady B. With all my heart.

Bellinda, don't you long to be Married?

Bel. Why there are ſome things in't I could like well enough.

Lady B. What do you think you ſhou'd diſlike?

Bel. My Husband a hundred to one elſe.

Lady B. O ye wicked wretch: Sure you don't ſpeak as you think.

Bel. Yes I do: Eſpecially if he ſmoak'd Tobacco. (*He looks earneſtlyat 'em.*

Lady B. Why that many times takes off worſe ſmells.

Bel. Then he muſt ſmell very ill indeed.

Lady B. So ſome Men will, to keep their Wives from coming near 'em.

Bel. Then thoſe Wives ſhou'd Cuckold 'em at a Diſtance.

He

He riſes in a fury, throws his Pipe at 'em and drives 'em out. As they run off, Conſtant *and* Heartfree *enter.* *Lady* B. *runs againſt* Conſtant.

Sir *J.* Oons get you gone up ſtairs you confederating Strumpets you, or I'll Cuckold you with a Vengeance.

Lady B. O Lord he'll beat us, he'll beat us. Dear, Dear Mr. *Conſtant* ſave us. (*Exeunt.*

Sir *J.* I'll Cuckold you with a Pox.

Conſt. Heavens, Sir *John*, what's the matter?

Sir *J.* Sure if Woman had been ready created, the Devil, inſtead of being kick'd down into Hell, had been Married.

Heart. Why what new plague have you found now?

Sir *J.* Why theſe two Gentlewomen did but hear me ſay, I expected you here this afternoon; upon which, they preſently reſolved to take up the Roon, o' purpoſe to plague me and my Friends.

Conſt. Was that all? why we ſhou'd have been glad of their Company.

Sir *J.* Then I ſhould have been weary of yours. For I can't reliſh both together. They found fault with my ſmoaking Tobacco too; and ſaid Men ſtunk. But I have a good mind——to ſay ſomething.

Conſt. No, nothing againſt the Ladies pray.

Sir *J.* Split the Ladies. Come, will you ſit down? Give us ſome VVine, Fellow:
You won't ſmoak?

Conſt. No nor drink neither at this time, I muſt ask your pardon.

Sir *J.* What, this Miſtreſs of yours runs in your head; I'll warrant it's ſome ſuch ſqueamiſh Minx as my Wife, that's grown ſo dainty of late, ſhe finds fault even with a Dirty ſhirt.

Heart. That a woman may do, and not be very dainty neither.

Sir *J.* Pox o' the women, let's drink. Come, you ſhall take one Glaſs, tho' I ſend for a Box of Lozenges to ſweeten your mouth after it.

Conſt. Nay if one Glaſs will ſatisfy you I'll drink it without putting you to that expence.

Sir *J.* Why that's honeſt. Fill ſome Wine, Sirrah: So, Here's to you Gentlemen——A VVife's the Devil. To your being both married (*They drink*

Heart. O your moſt humble Servant, Sir.

Sir *J.* VVell? how do you like my VVine?

Conſt. 'Tis very good indeed.

Heart. 'Tis Admirable.

Sir *J.* Then give us t'other Glaſs.

Conſt. No, pray excuſe us now. VVe'll come another time, and

then we won't ſpare it.

Sir *J.* This one Glaſs and no more. Come: It ſhall be your Miſtreſſes health: And that's a great Compliment from me, I aſſure you.

Conſt. And 'tis a very obliging one to me: So give us the Glaſſes.

Sir *J.* So: Let her live. (*Sir* John *Coughs in the Glaſs.*

Heart. And be kind.

Conſt. What's the matter? does't go the wrong way?

Sir *J.* If I had love enough to be jealous, I ſhou'd take this for an ill Omen. For I never drank my VVives health in my life, but I puk'd in the Glaſs.

Conſt. O ſhe's too Virtuous to make a Reaſonable man jealous.

Sir *J.* Pox of her Virtue. If I could but catch her Adulterating I might be devorc'd from her by Law.

Heart. And ſo pay her a yearly Penſion, to be a diſtinguiſh'd Cuckold.

Enter Servant.

Sir, There's my Lord *Rake*, Colonel *Bully*, and ſome other Gentlemen at the *Blew-Poſts*, deſire your Company.

Sir *J.* Cods ſo, we are to Conſult about playing the Devil to night.

Heart. VVell we won't hinder buſineſs.

Sir *J.* Methinks I don't know how to leave you tho'. But for once I muſt make bold - Or look you: may be the Conference mayn't laſt long; ſo if you'll wait here half an hour, or an hour; if I don't come then,——why then —— I won't come at all.

Heart. to *Conſt.* A good modeſt propoſition truly: (*Aſide.*

Conſt. But let's accept on't however. VVho knows what may happen.

Heart. VVell Sir, to ſhew you how fond we are of your Company, we'll expect your return as long as we can.

Sir *J.* Nay, may be I mayn't ſtay at all: But buſineſs you know muſt be done. So your Servant —— Or hark you: If you have a mind to take a friſk with us, I have an intereſt with my Lord, I can eaſily introduce you.

Conſt. VVe are much beholding to you, but for my part I'm engaged another way.

Sir *J.* VVhat? To your Miſtreſs I'll warrant. Prithee leave your naſty Punk to entertain her ſelf with her own Lewd thoughts, and make one with us to Night.

Conſt. Sir, 'tis buſineſs that is to employ me.

Heart.

Heart. And me; and buſineſs muſt be done you know.

Sir *J.* Ay; VVomens buſineſs, tho' the world were conſum'd for't. (*Exit.* Sir *J.*

Conſt. Farewell Beaſt: And now my Dear Friend, wou'd my Miſtreſs be but as Complaiſant as ſome meanWives, who think it a piece of good breeding to receive the viſits of their Husbands Friends in his abſence.

Heart. VVhy for your ſake I could forgive her, tho' ſhe ſhould be ſo Complaiſant to receive ſomething elſe in his abſence. But what way ſhall we invent to ſee her.

Conſt. O ne'er hope it: Invention will prove as Vain as VViſhes.

Enter Lady Brute *and* Bellinda.

Heart. What do you think now, Friend?

Conſt. I think I ſhall ſwoon.

Heart. I'll ſpeak firſt then, whilſt you fetch breath.

Lady B. We think our ſelves oblig'd Gentlemen, to come and return you thanks for your Knight Errantry. We were juſt upon being devour'd by the Fiery Dragon.

Bell. Did not his fumes almoſt knock you down, Gentlemen?

Heart. Truly Ladies, we did undergo ſome hardſhips, and ſhould have done more, if ſome greater Hero's than our ſelves hard by had not diverted him.

Conſt. Tho' I'm glad of the Service, you are pleaſed to ſay we have done you; yet I'm ſorry we cou'd do it no other way, than by making our ſelves privy, to what you wou'd perhaps have kept a ſecret.

Lady B. For Sir *John's* part, I ſuppoſe he deſign'd it no ſecret ſince he made ſo much noiſe. And for my ſelf, truly I am not much concern'd, ſince 'tis fallen only into this Gentleman's hands and yours; who I have many reaſons to believe, will neither interpret nor report any thing to my diſadvantage.

Conſt. Your good opinion, Madam, was what I fear'd, I never cou'd have merited.

Lady B. Your fears were vain then, Sir, for I am juſt to every body.

Heart. Prithee, *Conſtant*, what is't you do to get the Ladies good Opinions; for I'm a Novice at it?

Bell. Sir, will you give me leave to inſtruct you?

Heartfr. Yes, that I will with all my Soul, Madam.

Bell. Why then you muſt never be ſlovenly, never be out of humor, fare well and cry Roaſt-meat; ſmoak Tobacco, nor drink but when you are a-dry.

Heartf.

Heartfr. That's hard.

Conſt. Nay, if you take his Bottle from him, you break his Heart, Madam.

Bell. Why, is it poſſible the Gentleman can love Drinking?

Heartfr. Only by way of Antidote.

Bell. Againſt what, pray?

Heartfr. Againſt Love, Madam?

Lady Br. Are you afraid of being in Love, Sir?

Heartfr. I ſhould, if there were any danger of it.

Lady Br. Pray why ſo?

Heartfr. Becauſe I always had an averſion to being us'd like a Dog.

Bell. Why truly, men in love are ſeldom us'd better.

Lady Br. But was you never in love, Sir?

Heartfr. No, I thank Heaven, Madam.

Bell. Pray where got you your Learning then?

Heartfr. From other Peoples Expence.

Bell. That's being a Spunger, Sir, which is ſcarce honeſt; if you'd buy ſome Experience with your own Mony, as 'twould be fairlyer got, ſo 'twould ſtick longer by you.

Enter Footman

Footm. Madam, here's my Lady *Fancyful*, to wait upon your Ladiſhip.

Lady Br. Shield me, kind Heaven, what an inundation of Impertinence is here coming upon us!

Enter Lady Fancyful, *who runs firſt to Lady* Brute, *then to* Bellinda, *kiſſing 'em.*

Lady Fanc. My dear Lady *Brute*, and ſweet *Eckinda!* methinks 'tis an Age ſince I ſaw you.

Lady Br. Yet 'tis but three days; ſure you have paſs'd your time very ill, it ſeems ſo long to you.

Lady Fanc. Why really, to confeſs the Truth to you, I am ſo everlaſtingly fatigu'd with the Addreſſes of Unfortunate Gentlemen, that were it not for the extravagancy of the Example, I ſhould e'en tear out theſe wicked Eyes with my own Fingers, to make both my ſelf and Mankind eaſie. What think you on't, Mr. *Heartfree*, for I take you to be my faithful Adviſer?

Heartfr. Why truly, Madam, —— I think —— every Project that is for the Good of Mankind, ought to be encourag'd.

Lady Fanc. Then I have your Conſent, Sir.

Heartfr.

Heartfr. To do whatever you pleaſe, Madam.

Lady Fanc. You had a much-more limited Complaiſance this Morning, Sir. Would you believe it, Ladies? The Gentleman has been ſo exceeding generous, to tell me of above fifty Faults, in leſs time than it was well poſſible for me to commit two of 'em.

Conſt. Why truly, Madam, my Friend there is apt to be ſomething familiar with the Ladies.

Lady Fanc. He is indeed, Sir; but he's wondrous charitable with it; he has had the Goodneſs to deſign a Reformation, even down to my Fingers ends.

'Twas thus, I think, Sir, you would have had 'em ſtand. ——— My Eyes too he did not like: How was't you would have directed 'em? Thus, I think. [*Opening her Fingers in an awkward manner.* [*Staring at him.*

Then there was ſomething amiſs in my Gate too, I don't know well how 'twas; but as I take it, he would have had me walk like him. Pray, Sir, do me the Favour to take a turn or two about the Room, that the Company may ſee you. —— He's ſullen, Ladies, and won't: But, to make ſhort, and give you as true an Idea as I can of the matter, I think 'twas much about this Figure in general, he would have moulded me to: But I was an obſtinate Woman, and could not reſolve to make my ſelf Miſtriſs of his Heart, by growing as aukward as his Fancy. [*She walks aukwardly about, staring and looking ungainly, then changes on a ſudden to the extremity of her uſual Affectation.*

Heartfr. Juſt thus Women do, when they think we are in love with 'em, or when they are ſo with us. [*Here* Conſtant *and Lady* Brute *talk together apart.*

Lady Fanc. 'Twould however be leſs Vanity for me to conclude the former, than you the latter, Sir.

Heartfr. Madam, all I ſhall preſume to conclude, is, That if I were in Love, you'd find the means to make me ſoon weary on't.

Lady Fanc. Not by over-fondneſs, upon my word, Sir. But pray let's ſtop here, for you are ſo much govern'd by Inſtinct, I know you'll grow brutiſh at laſt.

Bell. (*aſide*) Now am I ſure ſhe's fond of him: I'll try to make her jealous.

Well, for my part, I ſhould be glad to find ſome-body would be ſo free with me, that I might know my Faults, and mend 'em.

Lady Fanc. Then pray let me recommend this Gentleman to you: I have known him ſome time, and will be Surety for him, That upon a very limited Encouragement on your ſide, you ſhall find an extended Impudence on his.

Heart. I thank you Madam, for your recommendation; But hating idleneſs, I'm unwilling to enter into a place where I believe there

there would be nothing to do. I was fond of ſerving your Ladyſhip, becauſe I knew you'd find me conſtant imployment.

Lady Fanc. I told you he'd be rude, *Bellinda.*

Bell. O, a little Bluntneſs is a ſign of honeſty, which makes me always ready to pardon it. So, Sir, if you have no other exceptions to my ſervice, but the fear of being idle in't, You may venture to liſt your ſelf: I ſhall find you work I warrant you.

Heartfr. Upon thoſe terms I engage, Madam, and this (with your leave) I take for earneſt. (*Offering to kiſs her hand.*

Bell. Hold there, Sir, I'm none of your earneſt givers. But if I'm well ſerv'd, I give good wages and pay punctually. (Heart. *and* Bell. *ſeem to continue talking familiarly.*

Lady Fanc. (*Aſide*) I don't like this jeſting between 'em —— methinks the Fool begins to look as if he were in earneſt——but then he muſt be a Fool indeed.

— Lard what a difference there is between me and her. (*Looking at* Bel. *ſcornfully.*

How I ſhould deſpiſe ſuch a thing if I were a man.

—— What a Noſe ſhe has — What a Chin- — What a Neck-—— Then her Eyes——And the worſt Kiſſing Lips in the Univerſe—— No no, he can never like her that's poſitive ——— Yet I can't ſuffer 'em together any longer.

Mr. *Heartfree*, do you know that you and I muſt have no Quarrel for all this. I can't forbear being a little ſevere now and then: But Women you know may be allowed any thing.

Heartfr. Up to a certain age, Madam.

Lady. Fanc. Which I am not yet paſt I hope.

Heartfr. (*Aſide*) Nor never will, I dare ſwear.

Lady Fan. to *Lady B.* Come Madam; Will your Ladyſhip be witneſs to our Reconciliation?

Lady B. You agree then at laſt.

Heartfr. (*ſlightingly*) We forgive.

Lady Fanc. (*Aſide*) That was a cold ill-natur'd reply.

Lady B. Then there's no Challenges ſent between you?

Heartfr. Not from me I promiſe. (*Aſide to* Conſtant) Put that's more than I'll do for her, for I know ſhe can as well be damn'd as forbear writing to me.

Conſt. That I believe. But I think we had beſt be going leſt ſhe ſhould ſuſpect ſomething, and be maliciou.

Heartfr. With all my my heart.

Conſt. Ladies we are your humble Servants. I ſee Sir *John* is quite engag'd, 'twould be in vain to expect him. Come *Heartfree* (*Exit.*

Heartfr. Ladies your Servant. (to *Bellinda*) I hope *Madam* you won't

won't forget our Bargain; I'm to ſay what I pleaſe to you.
(*Exit* Heartfree.

Bel. Liberty of Speech entire, Sir.

Lady Fanc. (*Aſide*) Very pretty truly —— But how the Block-head went out: Languiſhing at her; and not a look toward me. Well; Churchmen may talk, but Miracles are not ceas'd. For 'tis more than natural, ſuch a Rude fellow as he, and ſuch a little impertinent as ſhe, ſhou'd be capaceble of making a Woman of my ſphere uneaſy.

But I can bear her ſight no longer —— methinks ſhe's grown ten times uglier than *Covet.*

I muſt go home, and ſtudy revenge.

(*To Lady B.*) Madam your humble Servant, I muſt take my leave.

Lady B. What going already Madam?

Lady Fanc. I muſt beg you'l excuſe me this once. For really I have eighteen viſits to return this afternoon ſo you ſee I'm importun'd by the Women as well as the Men.

Bel. (*Aſide.*) And ſhe's quits with 'em both.

(*Lady Fanc. going.*) Nay you ſha'n't go one ſtep out of the room.

Lady B. Indeed I'll wait upon you down.

Lady Fanc. No, ſweet Lady *Brute*; you know I ſwoon at Ceremony.

Lady B. Pray give me leave.

Lady Fanc. You know I won't.

Lady B. Indeed I muſt.

Lady Fanc. Indeed you ſha'n't.

Lady B. Indeed I will.

Lady Fanc. Indeed you ſha'n't.

Lady B. Indeed I will.

Lady Fanc. Indeed you ſha'n't. Indeed Indeed Indeed you ſha'n't.
(*Exit Lady* Fanc. *running. They follow.*

Re-enter Lady Brute, *ſola.*

This impertinent Woman, has put me out of humour for a Fortnight. —— What an agreeable moment has her fooliſh viſit interrupted —— Lord how like a Torrent Love flows into the Heart when once the ſluce of deſire is open'd! Good Gods what a pleaſure there is in doing what we ſhou'd not do!

Re-enter Conſtant.

Ha! here again?

Conſt. Tho' the renewing my viſit may ſeem a little irregular,

I hope I ſhall obtain your pardon for it, Madam, when you know I only left the Room, leſt the Lady who was here ſhou'd have been as malicious in her Remarks, as ſhe's fooliſh in her Conduct.

Lady B. He who has diſcretion enough to be tender of a Womans Reputation, carries a Virtue about him may atone for a great many faults.

Conſt. If it has a Title to atone for any, it's pretentions muſt needs be ſtrongeſt, where the Crime is Love. I therefore hope I ſhall be forgiven the attempt I have made upon your Heart, ſince my Enterrprize has been a ſecret to all the World but your ſelf.

Lady B. Secrecy indeed in ſins of this kind, is an Argument of weight to leſſen the Puniſhment; but nothing's a Plea, for a Pardon entire, without a ſincere Repentance.

Conſt. If Sincerity in Repentance, conſiſt in ſorrow for offending: No Cloiſter ever encloſed, ſo true a Penitent as I ſhould be. But I hope it cannot be reckon'd an offence to Love, where 'tis a duty to adore.

Lady B. 'Tis an offence, a great one, where it wou'd rob a Woman of all ſhe ought to be ador'd for; her Virtue.

Conſt. Virtue?——Virtue alas is no more like the thing that's call'd ſo, than 'tis like Vice it ſelf. Virtue conſiſts in Goodneſs, Honour, Gratitude, Sincerity and Pity; and not in Peeviſh, ſnarling ſtreightlac'd Chaſtity. True Virtue whereſo'e'er it moves, ſtill carries an intrinſique worth about it, and is in every place, and in each Sex of equal value. So is not Continence you ſee: That Phantome of Honour, which men in every Age have ſo contemn'd, they have thrown it amongſt the Women to ſcrable for.

Lady B. If it be a thing of ſo very little Value; Why do you ſo earneſtly recommend it to your Wives and Daughters?

Conſt. We recommend it to our Wives, Madam, becauſe we wou'd keep 'em to our ſelves. And to our Daughters, becauſe we wou'd diſpoſe of 'em to others.

Lady B. 'Tis then of ſome Importance it ſeems, ſince you can't diſpoſe of 'em without it.

Conſt. That importance, Madam, lies in the humour of the Country, not in the nature of the thing.

Lady B. How do you prove that, Sir?

Conſt. From the Wiſdom of a neighb'ring Nation in a Contrary Practice. In Monarchies things go by Whimſie, but Commonwealth's weigh all things in the Scale of Reaſon.

Lady B. I hope we are not ſo very light a People to bring up fashions without ſome Ground.

Conſt. Pray what do's your Ladiſhip think of a powder'd Coat for Deep Mourning?

Lady B. I

Lady B. I think, Sir, your Sophiſtry has all the effect that you can reaſonably expect it ſhou'd have: it puzzles, but don't convince.

Conſt. I'm ſorry for it.

Lady B. I'm ſorry to hear you ſay ſo.

Conſt. Pray why?

Lady B. Becauſe if you expected more from it, you have a worſe opinion of my underſtanding than I deſire you ſhou'd have.

Conſt. aſide. I comprehend her: She wou'd have me ſet a value upon her Chaſtity, that I may think my ſelf the more oblig'd to her, when ſhe makes me a preſent of it.

To her. I beg you will believe I did but rally, Madam, I know you judge too well of Right and Wrong, to be deceiv'd by Arguments like thoſe. I hope you'll have ſo favourable an opinion of my Underſtanding too, to believe the thing call'd Virtue has worth enough with me, to paſs for an eternal Obligation where're 'tis ſacrific'd.

Lady B. It is I think ſo great a one, as nothing can repay.

Conſt. Yes; the making the man you love your everlaſting Debtor.

Lady B. When Debtors once have borrow'd all we have to lend, they are very apt to grow very ſhy of their Creditors Company.

Conſt. That, Madam, is only when they are forc'd to borrow of Uſurers, and not of a Generous Friend. Let us chooſe our Creditors, and we are ſeldom ſo ungrateful to ſhun 'em.

Lady B. What think you of Sir *John*, Sir? I was his free choice.

Conſt. I think he's marri'd, Madam.

Lady B. Do's Marriage then exclude men from your Rule of Conſtancy.

Conſt. It do's. Conſtancy's a Brave, free, haughty, generous Agent, that cannot buckle to the Chains of Wedlock. There's a poor ſordid ſlavery in Marriage, that turns the flowing Tyde of Honour, and ſinks us to the loweſt ebb of Infamy. 'Tis a corrupted Soil; I'll Nature, Avarice, Sloath, Cowardice and Dirt, are all its product.

Lady B. Have you no exceptions to this General Rule, as well as to other?

Conſt. Yes: I wou'd (after all) be an exception to it my ſelf if you were free, in Power and Will to make me ſo.

Lady B. Compliments are well plac'd, where 'tis impoſſible to lay hold on 'em.

Conſt. I wou'd to Heaven 'twere poſſible for you to lay hold on mine, that you might ſee it is no Compliment at all. But ſince you are already diſpos'd on beyond Redemption, to one who do's not know the value of the Jewel you have put into his hands: I hope you wou'd not think him greatly wrong'd, tho' it ſhou'd ſometimes

be look'd on by a Friend, who knows how to eſteem it as he ought.

Lady B. If looking on't alone wou'd ſerve his turn, the wrong perhaps might not be very great.

Conſt. Why, what if he ſhou'd wear it now and then a day, ſo he gave good Security to bring it home again at night?

Lady B. Small Security I fanſie might ſerve for that. One might venture to take his word.

Conſt. Then where's the injury to the Owner?

Lady B. 'Tis an injury to him, if he think it one. For if Happineſs be ſeated in the Mind, Unhappineſs muſt be ſo too.

Conſt. Here I cloſe with you, Madam, and draw my concluſive Argument from your own Poſition: If the injury lie in the fancy, there needs nothing but Secrecy to prevent the Wrong.

Lady B. going, A ſurer way to prevent it, is to hear no more Arguments in it's behalf.

Conſt. following her. But, Madam ——

Lady B. But, Sir, 'tis my turn to be diſcreet now, and not ſuffer too long a Viſit.

Conſt. catching her Hand. By Heaven you ſhall not ſtir, till you give me hopes that I ſhall ſee you again, at ſome more convenient Time and Place.

Lady B. I give you juſt Hopes enough — (*breaking from him*) To get looſe from you: And that's all I can afford you at this time.

[*Exit running.*

Conſtant Solus.

Now by all that's Great and Good, ſhe is a charming Woman. In what Extaſie of Joy ſhe has left me. For ſhe gave me Hope; Did ſhe not ſay ſhe gave me Hope? Hope? Ay; what Hope? —— enough to make me let her go ——— Why that's enough in Conſcience. Or no matter how 'twas ſpoke; Hope was the word: It came from her, and it was ſaid to me.

Enter Heartfree.

Ha, *Heartfree*: Thou haſt done me Noble Service in pratling to the young Gentlewoman without there; come to my Arms, Thou Venerable Bawd, and let me ſqueeze thee (*Embracing him eagerly*) as a new pair of ſtayes do's a Fat Country Girl, when ſhe's carry'd to Court to ſtand for a Maid of Honour.

Heart. Why what the Devil's all this Rapture for?

Conſt. Rapture? There's ground for Rapture, man, there's hopes, my *Heartfree*, hopes, my Friend.

Heart.

Heart. Hope's? of what?

Conſt. Why hopes that my Lady and I together, (for 'tis more than one bodies work) ſhould make Sir *John* a Cuckold.

Heart. Prithee what did ſhe ſay to thee?

Conſt. Say? what did ſhe not ſay? ſhe ſaid that — ſays ſhe —— ſhe ſaid —— Zoons I don't know what ſhe ſaid: But ſhe look'd as if ſhe ſaid every thing I'd have her, and ſo if thou'lt go to the Tavern, I'll treat thee with any thing that Gold can buy; I'll give all my Silver amongſt the Drawers, make a Bonfire before the Door, ſay the Plenipo's, have ſign'd the Peace, and the Bank of *England* s grown honeſt. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE opens. Lord *Rake*, Sir *John*, &c. at a Table drinking.

All. Huzza.

Lord R. Come Boys. Charge again.——So——Confuſion to all order. Here's Liberty of Conſcience.

All. Huzza.

Lord R. I'll Sing you a Song I made this morning to this purpoſe.

Sir *J.* 'Tis wicked I hope.

Col. B. Don't my Lord tell you he made it?

Sir *J.* Well then let's ha't.

Lord *R.* Sings.

I.

WHat a Pother of Late
Have they kept in the State
About ſetting our Conſciences free.
A Bottle has more
Diſpenſation in Store,
Than the King and the State can decree.

H. *When*

II.

When my Head's full of Wine,
I o'er flow with Deſign
And know no penal Laws that can curb me.
What e'er I deviſe,
Seems good in my Eyes,
And Religion ne'er dares to diſturb me.

III.

No ſaucy remorſe
Intrudes in my Courſe,
Nor Impertinent notions of Evil:
So there's Claret in ſtore,
In Peace I've my Whore,
And in Peace I jog on to the Devil.

All Sing. *So there's Claret*, &c.

Lord R. (Rep.) *And in Peace I jog on to the Devil.*

Lord R. Well, how do you like it, Gentlemen?

All. O, Admirable.

Sir *J.* I wou'd not give a fig for a Song, that is not full of Sin and Impudence.

Lord R. Then my Muſe is to your taſte.
But drink away; The Night ſteals upon us, we ſhall want time to be Lewd in. Hey Page, ſally out, Sirrah, and ſee what's doing in the Camp, we'll beat up their Quarters preſently.

Page. I'll bring your Lordſhip an Exact account. (*Ex. Page.*

Lord R. Now let the ſpirit of Clary go round.
Fill me a Brimmer. Here's to our forlorn-hope.
Courage Knight; Victory attends you.

Sir *J.* And Lawrells ſhall Crown me. Drink away and be damn'd

Lord R. Again Boys; to'ther Glaſs, and damn Morality.

Sir *J.* (*drink*) Ay—— damn Morality —— and damn the Watch.

And

And let the Conſtable be married.

All. Huzza.

Re-enter Page.

Lady R. How are the Streets inhabited, Sirrah?

Page. My Lord it's Sunday night, they are full of Drunken Citizens.

Lord R. Along then Boys, we ſhall have a feaſt.

Col. B. Along Noble Knight.

Sir *J.* Ay——— along *Bully*; and he that ſays Sir *John Brute*, is not as Drunk and as Religious, as the Drunkeneſt Citizen of 'em all ——— is a liar, and the Son of a Whore.

Col. Bul. Why that was bravely ſpoke, and like a free-born *Engliſhman.*

Sir *J.* What's that to you, Sir, whether I am an *Engliſh* man or a *French* man?

Col. B. Zoons, you are not angry, Sir?

Sir *J.* Zoons I am angry, Sir, ——— for if I am a Free-born *Engliſh* man, what have you to do, even to talk of my Privileges.

Lord R. Why prithee Knight don't quarrel here, leave private Animoſities to be decided by day light, let the night be imployed againſt the publick Enemy.

Sir *J.* My Lord I reſpect you, becauſe you are a man of Quality: But I'll make that fellow know I am within a hairs breadth as abſolute by my Priveleges, as the King of *France* is by his prerogative. He by his prerogative takes money where it is not his due; I, by my Privelege refuſe paying it, where I owe it. Liberty and Property and Old *England*, Huzza. (*Exit* Sir *J. reeling.*

All. Huzza. *all following him.*

SCENE. A Bed-Chamber.

Enter Lady Brute *and* Bellinda.

Lady B. Sure it's late, *Bellinda*? I begin to be ſleepy.

Bell. Yes 'tis near twelve. Will you go to Bed?

Lady B. To bed my Dear? And by that time I'm fallen into a ſweet ſleep, (or perhaps a ſweet Dream which is better and better) Sir *John* will come home, roaring drunk, and be over-joy'd he finds me in a Condition to be diſturb'd.

Bell.

Bell. O you need not fear him, he's in for all night. The Servants fay he's gone to drink with my Lord *Rake*?

Lady B. Nay tis not very likely indeed, such suitable Company should part presently. What Hogs Men turn, *Bellinda*, when they grow weary of Women.

Bell. And what Owles they are whilst they are fond of 'em.

Lady B. But that we may forgive well enough, because they are so upon our Accounts.

Bell. We ought to do so indeed: But 'tis a hard matter. For when a man is ready in Love he looks so unsufferably silly that tho' a Woman lik'd him well enough before, she has then much ado, to endure the sight of him. And this I take to be the reason, why Lovers are so generally ill us'd.

Lady B. Well Town now, I'm well enough pleased to see a man look like an Ass for me.

Bell. Ay, I'm pleas'd he should look like an Ass too——That is I'm pleased with my self for making him look so.

Lady B. Nay truly, I think it he'd find some other way to express his Passion, 'twould be more to his advantage.

Bell. Yes; For then a Woman might like his Passion and him too.

Lady B. Yet, *Bellinda*, after all, A Woman's life would be but a dull business, if 'twere not for Men; And Men that can look like Asses too. We shou'd never blame Fate, for the shortness of our days; our time wou'd hang wretchedly upon our hands.

Bel. Why truly they do help us off with a good share on't. For were there no Men in the World, O my Conscience I shou'd be no longer a dressing than I'm a saying my prayers; Nay tho it were *Sunday*: For you know that one may go to Church without Stays on.

Lady B. But don't you think Emulation might do something; for every Woman you see desires to be finer than her Neighbour.

Bell. That's only that the men may like her better than her Neighbour. No: if there were no men, adieu fine Petticoats, we shou'd be weary of wearing 'em.

Lady B. And adieu Plays, we shou'd be weary of seeing 'em.

Bell. Adieu *Hide-Park*, the Dust wou'd Choak us.

Lady B. Adieu St. *James's*, Walking wou'd Tire us.

Bell. Adieu *London*, the smoak wou'd stifle us.

Lady B. And adieu going to Church, for Religion wou'd ne'er prevail with us.

Both. Ha ha ha ha ha.

Bell. Our Confession is so very hearty, sure we merit Absolution.

Lady

Lady B. Not unleſs we go through with't, and confeſs all. So prithee, for the Eaſe of our Conſciences, let's hide nothing.

Bel. Agreed.

Lady B. Why then I confeſs, That I love to ſit in the Fore-front of a Box. For if one ſits behind, there's two Acts gone perhaps, before one's found out. And when I am there, if I perceive the Men whiſpering and looking upon me, you muſt know I cannot for my Life forbear thinking, they talk to my Advantage. And that ſets a Thouſand little tickling Vanities on Foot. ———

Bel. Juſt my Caſe for all the World; but go on.

Lady B. I watch with Impatience for the next Jeſt in the Play, that I may laugh and ſhew my white Teeth. If the Poet has been dull, and the Jeſt be long a coming, I pretend to whiſper one to my Friend, and from thence fall into a little ſhort Diſcourſe, in which I take Occaſion to ſhew my Face in all Humours, Brisk, Pleas'd, Serious, Melancholy, Languiſhing; ——— Not that what we ſay to one another cauſes any of theſe Alterations. But———

Bel. Don't trouble your ſelf to explain: For if I'm not miſtaken, you and I have had ſome of theſe neceſſary Dialogues before now, with the ſame Intention.

Lady B. Why I'll ſwear *Bellinda*, ſome People do give ſtrange agreeable Airs to their Faces in ſpeaking.

Tell me true! — Did you never practice in the Glaſs?

Bel. Why, did you?

Lady B. Yes Faith, many a time.

Bel. And I too, I own it. Both how to ſpeak my ſelf, and how to look when others ſpeak; But my Glaſs and I cou'd never yet agree what Face I ſhou'd make, when they come blurt out, with a naſty thing in a Play: For all the Men preſently look upon the Women, that's certain; ſo laugh we muſt not, though our Stays burſt for't, Becauſe that's telling Truth, and owning we underſtand the Jeſt. And to look ſerious is ſo dull, when the whole Houſe is a laughing.

Lady B. Beſides, that looking ſerious, do's really betray our Knowledge in the Matter, as much as laughing with the Company wou'd do. For if we did not underſtand the thing, we ſhou'd naturally do like other People.

Bel. For my part I always take that Occaſion to blow my Noſe.

Lady B. You muſt blow your Noſe half off then at ſome Plays.

Bel. Why don't ſome Reformer or other, beat the Poet for't?

Lady B. Becauſe he is not ſo ſure of our private Approbation as of our publick Thanks. Well, ſure there is not upon Earth, ſo impertinent a thing, as Womens Modeſty.

Bel. Yes; Mens Fantaſque, that obliges us to it.

If we quit our Modeſty, they ſay we loſe our Charms, and yet they know that very Modeſty is Affectation, and rail at our Hypocriſie.

Lady B. Thus one wou'd think, 'twere a hard Matter to pleaſe 'em, Neice. Yet our kind Mother Nature has given us ſomething, that makes amends for all. Let our Weakneſs be what it will, Mankind will ſtill be weaker, and whilſt there is a World, 'tis Woman that will govern it.

But prithee one word of poor *Conſtant* before we go to Bed; if it be but to furniſh Matter for Dreams; I dare ſwear he's talking of me now, or thinking of me at leaſt, tho' it be in the middle of his Prayers.

Bel. So he ought I think; for you were pleas'd to make him a good round Advance to day, Madam.

Lady B. Why, I have e'en plagu'd him enough to ſatisfie any reaſonable Woman: He has beſieg'd me theſe two Years to no Purpoſe.

Bel. And if he beſieg'd you two Years more, he'd be well enough paid, ſo he had the plundering of you at laſt.

Lady B. That may be; but I'm afraid the Town won't be able to hold out much longer; for to confeſs the Truth to you, *Bellinda*, the Garriſon begins to grow mutinous.

Bel. Then the ſooner you capitulate, the better.

Lady B. Yet methinks I wou'd fain ſtay a little longer, to ſee you fix'd too, that we might ſtart together, and ſee who cou'd love longeſt. What think you if *Heartfree* ſhou'd have a Month's Mind to you?

Bel. Why Faith I cou'd almoſt be in Love with him, for deſpiſing that fooliſh affected Lady *Fancyfull*, but I'm afraid he's too cold ever to warm himſelf by my Fire.

Lady B. Then he deſerves to be froze to Death. Wou'd I were a Man for your ſake, my dear Rogue. [*Kiſſing her.*

Bel. You'd wiſh your ſelf a Woman again for your own, or the Men are miſtaken.

But if I cou'd make a Conqueſt of this Son of *Bacchus*, and rival his Bottle: What ſhou'd I do with him, he has no Fortune; I can't marry him; and ſure you wou'd not have me commit Fornication.

Lady B. Why, if you did, Child, 'twou'd be but a good friendly part; if 'twere only to keep me in Countenance whilſt I commit —— You know what.

Bel. Well, if I can't reſolve to ſerve you that way, I may perhaps ſome other, as much to your Satisfaction. But pray how ſhall we contrive to ſee theſe Blades again quickly?

Lady B.

Lady B. We muſt e'en have Recourſe to the old way; make 'em an Appointment 'twixt jeſt and earneſt, 'twill look like a Frolick, and that you know's a very good thing to ſave a Woman's Bluſhes.

Bel. You adviſe well; but where ſhall it be?

Lady B. In *Spring-Garden.* But they ſhan't know their Women, till their Women pull off their Maſques; for a Surprize is the moſt agreeable thing in the World: And I find my ſelf in a very good Humour, ready to do 'em any good turn I can think on.

Bel. Then pray write 'em the neceſſary Billet, without farther Delay.

Lady B. Let's go into your Chamber then, and whilſt you ſay your Prayers, I'll do it, Child.

Exeunt.

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE *Covent-Garden.*

Enter Lord Rake, *Sir* John, *&c. with Swords drawn.*

Lord *R.* IS the Dog dead?

Bully. No, damn him, I heard him wheeze.

Lord *R.* How the Witch his Wife howl'd!

Bully. Ay, ſhe'll alarm the Watch preſently.

Lord *R.* Appear, Knight, then; come, you have a good Cauſe to fight for, there's a Man murder'd.

Sir. *John.* Is there? Then let his Ghoſt be ſatisfied: For I'll ſacrifice a Conſtable to it preſently; and burn his Body upon his wooden Chair.

Enter a Taylor, with a Bundle under his Arm.

Bully. How now? What have we got here? A Thief?

Taylor. No an't pleaſe you; I'm no Thief.

Lord *R.* That we'll ſee preſently: Here, let the General examine him.

Sir *John.* Ay, Ay; Let me examine him; and I'll lay a Hundred Pound I find him guilty, in ſpight of his Teeth —— for he looks —— like a — ſneaking Raſcal.

Come Sirrah, without Equivocation, or mental Reſervation, tell me of what Opinion you are, and what Calling; for by them —— I ſhall gueſs at your Morals.

Taylor. An't pleaſe you, I'm a Diſſenting Journeyman Taylor.

Sir *John.* Then Sirra, you love Lying by your Religion, and Theft by your Trade. And ſo, that your Puniſhment may be ſuitable to your Crimes, —— I'll have you firſt bagg'd, —— and then hang'd.

Taylor. Pray good worthy Gentlemen, don't abuſe me; indeed I'm an honeſt Man, and a good Workman, tho' I ſay it, that ſhou'd not ſay it.

Sir *John*

Sir *John.* No Words, Sirrah, but attend your Fate.

Lord *R.* Let me ſee what's in that Bundle.

Taylor. An't pleaſe you, it's the Doctor of the Pariſh's Gown.

Lord *R.* The Doctor's Gown! —— Hark you, Knight, you won't ſtick at abuſing the Clergy, will you?

Sir *John.* No, I'm drunk, and I'll abuſe any thing —— but my Wife; and her I name —— with Reverence.

Lord *R.* Then you ſhall wear this Gown, whilſt you charge the Watch. That tho' the Blows fall upon you, the Scandal may light upon the Church.

Sir *John.* A generous Deſign —— by all the Gods —— give it me. [*Takes the Gown and puts it on.*

Taylor. O dear Gentlemen, I ſhall be quite undone, if you take the Gown.

Sir *John.* Retire, Sirrah; and ſince you carry off your Skin —— go home, and be happy.

Taylor. [*pauſing*] I think I had e'en as good follow the Gentleman's friendly Advice. For if I diſpute any longer, who knows but the whim may take him to Caſe me. Theſe Courtiers are fuller of Tricks than they are of Money; they'll ſooner cut a Man's Throat, than pay his Bill.

[Exit *Taylor.*

Sir *John.* So, how d'ye like my Shapes now?

Lord *R.* This Will do to a Miracle; he looks like a Biſhop going to the Holy War. But to your Arms, Gentlemen, the Enemy appears.

Enter Conſtable and Watch.

Watchman. Stand! Who goes there? Come before the Conſtable.

Sir *John.* The Conſtable's a Raſcal —— and you are the Son of a Whore.

Watchman. A good civil Anſwer for a Parſon, truly.

Conſtable. Methinks Sir, a Man of your Coat, might ſet a better Example.

Sir *John.* Sirrah, I'll make you know —— there are Men of my Coat can ſet as bad Examples —— as you can do, you Dog you.

[Sir John *ſtrikes the Conſtable. They knock him down, diſarm him and ſeize him. Lord* R. *&c. run away.*

Conſtable. So, we have ſecur'd the Parſon however.

Sir *Joh.* Blood and Blood —— and Blood.

Watchman.

Watchman. Lord have Mercy upon us: How the wicked Wretch Raves of Blood. I'll warrant he has been murdering ſome body to, Night.

Sir *John.* Sirrah, There's nothing got by Murder but a Halter: My Talent lies towards Drunkenneſs and Simony.

Watchman. Why that now was ſpoke like a Man of Parts, Neighbours: It's pity he ſhou'd be ſo Diſguis'd.

Sir *John.* You Lye, —— I am not Disguis'd; for I am Drunk bare-fac'd.

Watchman. Look you there again, —— This is a mad Parſon, Mr. Conſtable; I'll lay a Pot of Ale upon's Head, he's a good Preacher.

Conſtable. Come Sir, out of Reſpect to your Calling, I ſhan't put you into the Round-houſe; but we muſt Secure you in our Drawing-Room till Morning, that you may do no Miſchief. So, Come along.

Sir *John.* You may put me where you will, Sirrah, now you have overcome me; — But if I can't do Miſchief, I'll think of Miſchief — in ſpite of your Teeth, you Dog you.

[*Exeunt:*

SCENE *a Bed-Chamber.*

Enter Heartfree, *ſolus.*

What the Plague Ail's me? —— Love? No, I thank you for that; my heart's Rock ſtill. ——
Yet 'tis *Bellinda* that diſturbs me; that's poſitive.
—— Well, what of all that? Muſt I love her for being troubleſome? at that rate, I might love all the Women I meet, I gad.
But hold? —— tho' I don't love her for diſturbing me, yet ſhe may diſturb me, becauſe I love her —— Ay, that may be, faith.
I have dream't of her, that's certain ——
Well, ſo I have of my Mother; therefore what's that to the purpoſe? Ay, but *Bellinda* runs in my Mind waking ——
And ſo do's many a damn'd thing, that I don't care a Farthing for ——
Methinks tho', I would fain be talking to her, and yet I have no Buſineſs. ——
Well, am I the firſt Man, that has had a Mind to do an Impertinent thing?

Enter

Enter Conſtant.

Conſt. How now, *Heartfree?* What makes you up and Dreſs'd ſo ſoon? I thought none but Lovers quarrell'd with their Beds; I expected to have found you ſnoaring, as I us'd to do.

Heart. Why, faith Friend, 'tis the Care I have of your Affairs, that makes me ſo thoughtful; I have been ſtudying all Night, how to bring your Matter about with *Bellinda.*

Conſt. With *Bellinda?*

Heart. With my Lady, I mean: And faith I have mighty hopes on't. Sure you muſt be very well ſatisfy'd with her Behaviour to you Yeſterday?

Conſt. So well; that nothing but a Lover's Fears, can make me doubt of Succeſs. But what can this ſudden Change proceed from?

Heart. Why, you ſaw her Husband beat her, did you not?

Conſt. That's true: A Husband is ſcarce to be born upon any terms, much leſs when he fights with his Wife. Methinks ſhe ſhou'd e'en have Cuckolded him upon the very ſpot, to ſhew that after the Battel, ſhe was Maſter of the Field.

Heart. A Council of War of Women, would infallibly have adviſ'd her to't. But, I confeſs, ſo agreeable a Woman as *Bellinda*, deſerves a better uſage.

Conſt. Bellinda again?

Heart. My Lady, I mean: What a-pox makes me blunder ſo to day? [*aſide*] A Plague of this treacherous Tongue.

Conſt. Prithee look upon me ſeriouſly, *Heartfree*—— Now anſwer me directly! Is it my Lady, or *Bellinda*, employs your careful Thoughts thus?

Heart. My Lady, or *Bellinda?*

Conſt. In Love, by this Light in Love.

Heart. In Love?

Conſt. Nay, ne'er deny it: for thou'lt do it ſo awkerdly, 'twill but make the Jeſt ſit heavier about thee. My Dear Friend, I give thee much Joy.

Heart. Why prithee, you won't perſwade me to it, will you?

Conſt. That ſhe's Miſtreſs of your Tongue, that's plain, and I know you are ſo honeſt a Fellow, your Tongue and Heart always go together.

But how? but how the Devil? Pha, ha, ha, ha——

Heart. Hey day: Why ſure you don't believe it in earneſt?

Conſt. Yes, I do; becauſe I ſee you deny it in jeſt.

Heart.

Heart. Nay, but look you *Ned*,—a—deny in jeſt—a—gadzooks, you know I ſay—a—when a Man denies a thing in jeſt—a—

Conſt. Pha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Heart. Nay, then we ſhall have it: What, becauſe a Man ſtumbles at a word: Did you never make a Blunder?

Conſt. Yes, for I am in Love, I own it.

Heart. Then; ſo am I.——

Now laugh till thy Soul's glutted with Mirth, [*Embracing him.*]
But, dear *Conſtant*, don't tell the Town on't.

Conſt. Nay, then 'twere almoſt pity to laugh at thee, after ſo honeſt a Confeſſion.

But tell us a little, *Jack*. By what new-invented Arms, has this mighty Stroak been given?

Heart. E'en by that unaccountable Weapon, call'd, *Je ne ſçai quoy*; For every thing that can come within the Virge of Beauty, I have ſeen it with Indifference.

Conſt. So in few words then; the *Je ne ſçai quoy*, has been too hard for the Quilted Petticoat.

Heart. I gad, I think the *Je ne ſçai quoy*, is in the Quilted Petticoat; at leaſt, 'tis certain, I ne'er think on't without —a—a *Je ne ſçai quoy* in every Part about me.

Conſt. Well, but have all your Remedies loſt their Virtue, have you turn'd her In-ſide out yet?

Heart. I dare not ſo much as think on't.

Conſt. But don't the two Years Fatigue, I have had, diſcourage you?

Heart. Yes: I dread what I foreſee; yet cannot quit the Enterprize. Like ſome Soldiers; whoſe Courage dwells more in their Honour, than their Nature; On they go, tho' the Body trembles, at what the Soul makes it Undertake.

Conſt. Nay, if you expect your Miſtreſs will uſe you, as your Profanations againſt her Sex deſerve, you tremble Juſtly.

But how do you intend to proceed, Friend?

Heart. Thou know'ſt I'm but a Novice; be friendly and adviſe me.

Conſt. Why look you then; I'd have you — Serenade and a—— write a Song —— Go to Church; Look like a Fool — Be very Officious: Ogle, Write and Lead out; And who knows, but in a Year or two's time, you may be —— call'd a troubleſome Puppy, and ſent about your Buſineſs.

Heart. That's hard.

Conſt. Yet thus it oft falls out with Lovers, Sir.

Heart. Pox on me for making one of the Number.

Conſt.

Conſt. Have a Care: Say no Saucy things: 'twill but augment your Crime, and if your Miſtreſs hears on't, encreaſe your Puniſhment.

Heart. Prithee ſay ſomething then to encourage me, you know I help'd you in your Diſtreſs.

Conſt. Why then to encourage you to Perſeverance, that you may be thoroughly ill us'd for your Offences, I'll put you in Mind, That even the coyeſt Ladies of 'em all, are made up of Deſires, as well as we; and tho' they do hold out a long time, they will Capitulate at laſt. For that thundering Engenier, Nature, do's make ſuch havock in the Town, they muſt Surrender at long Run, or Periſh in their own Flames.

Enter a Footman.

Sir, There's a Porter without with a Letter; he deſires to give it into your own Hands.

Conſt. Call him in.

Enter Porter.

Conſt. What *Jo*; Is it thee?

Porter. An't pleaſe you Sir, I was Order'd to Deliver this into your own Hands, by two well-ſhap'd Ladies, at the *New-Exchange*. I was at your Honour's Lodgings, and your Servants ſent me hither.

Conſt. 'Tis well, Are you to carry any Anſwer?

Porter. No, my noble Maſter. They gave me my Orders, and whip, they were gone, like a Maiden-head at Fifteen.

Conſt. Very well; there. [*Gives him Money.*

Porter. God bleſs your Honour.

[*Exit Porter.*

Conſt. Now let's ſee, what honeſt truſty *Jo* has brought us.

Reads.]

If you and your Play-fellow, can ſpare time from your Buſineſs and Devotions, don't fail to be at Spring-Garden *about Eight in the Evening. You'll find nothing there but Women, ſo you need bring no other Arms than what you uſually carry about you.*

So, Play-fellow: Here's ſomething to ſtay your Stomach, till your Miſtreſſes Diſh is ready for you.

Heart. Some of our old Batter'd Acquaintance. I wont go, not I.

Conſt. Nay, that you can't avoid: There's honour in the Caſe, 'tis a Challenge, and I want a Second.

Heart. I doubt I ſhall be but a very uſeleſs one to you; for I'm ſo diſhearten'd by this Wound *Bellinda* has given me; I don't think I ſhall have Courage enough to draw my Sword.

Conſt. O, if that be all, come along; I'll warrant you find Sword enough for ſuch Enemies as we have to deal withal.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Conſtable, &c. with Sir John.

Conſtable. Come along, Sir, I thought to have let you ſlip this Morning, becauſe you were a Miniſter; but you are as Drunk and as Abuſive as ever. We'll ſee what the Juſtice of the Peace will ſay to you.

Sir *John.* And you ſhall ſee what I'll ſay to the Juſtice of the Peace, Sirrah.

They Knock at the Door.

Enter Servant.

Conſtab. Pray Acquaint his Worſhip, we have got an unruly Parſon here: We are unwilling to expoſe him, but don't know what to do with him.

Servant. I'll Acquaint my Maſter.

[*Exit Servant.*

Sir *John.* You —— Conſtable —— What damn'd Juſtice is this?

Conſtab. One that will take Care of you, I warrant you.

Enter Juſtice.

Juſtice. Well, Mr. Conſtable; What's the Diſorder here?

Conſtab. An't Pleaſe your Worſhip ——

Sir *John.* Let me ſpeak and be damn'd: I'm a Divine, and can unfold Myſteries better than you can do.

Juſtice. Sadneſs, Sadneſs, a Miniſter ſo Over-taken. Pray Sir, Give the Conſtable leave to ſpeak, and I'll hear you very patiently; I aſſure you Sir, I will.

Sir *John.* Sir, —— You are a very Civil Magiſtrate. Your moſt humble Servant.

Conſtab.

Conſtab. An't Pleaſe your Worſhip then; he has attempted to beat the Watch to Night, and Swore——

Sir *John.* You Lye.

Juſtice. Hold, pray Sir, a little.

Sir *John.* Sir, your very humble Servant.

Conſtab. Indeed Sir, he came at us without any Provocation, call'd us Whores and Rogues, and laid us on with a great Quarter-Staff. He was in my Lord *Rake*'s Company. They have been playing the Devil to Night.

Juſtice. Hem—Hem—Pray Sir—— May you be Chaplain to my Lord?

Sir *John.* Sir—— I preſume—— I may if I will.

Juſtice. My meaning Sir, is—— Are you ſo?

Sir *John.* Sir,—— You mean very well.

Juſtice. He hem—hem—— Under favour, Sir, Pray Anſwer me directly.

Sir *John.* Under favour, Sir—— Do you uſe to Anſwer directly when you are Drunk?

Juſtice. Good lack, good lack: Here's nothing to be got from him. Pray Sir, may I crave your Name?

Sir *John.* Sir,—— My Name's—— [*He Hycops.* Hyccop, Sir.

Juſtice. Hyccop? Doctor Hyccop. I have known a great many Country Parſons of that Name, eſpecially down in the Fenns. Pray where do you live, Sir?

Sir *John.* Here—and there, Sir.

Juſtice. Why, what a ſtrange Man is this? Where do you Preach, Sir? Have you any Cure?

Sir *John.* Sir—— I have—— a very good Cure——for a Clap, at your Service.

Juſtice. Lord have mercy upon us.

Sir *John.* [*Aſide.*] This Fellow do's Ask ſo many Impertinent Queſtions, I believe I gad, 'tis the Juſtice's Wife, in the Juſtice's Clothes.

Juſtice. Mr. Conſtable, I Vow and Proteſt, I don't know what to do with him.

Conſtab. Truly, he has been but a troubleſom Gueſt to us all Night.

Juſtice. I think, I had e'en beſt let him go about his Buſineſs, for I'm unwilling to expoſe him.

Conſtab. E'en what your Worſhip thinks fit.

Sir *John.* Sir,—— not to interrupt Mr. Conſtable, I have a ſmall Favour to ask.

Juſtice. Sir, I open both my Ears to you.

Sir *John.* Sir, your very humble Servant. I have a little Urgent Buſineſs calls upon me; And therefore I deſire the Favour of you, to bring Matters to a Concluſion.

Juſtice. Sir, If I were ſure that Buſineſs, were not to Commit more Diſorders; I wou'd releaſe you.

Sir *John.* None,——By my Prieſthood.

Juſt. Then, Mr. Conſtable, you may Diſcharge him.

Sir *John.* Sir, your very humble Servant. If you pleaſe to Accept of a Bottle ——

Juſt. I thank you kindly, Sir; but I never drink in a Morning. Good-buy to ye, Sir, good-buy to ye.

Sir *John.* Good-buy t'ye, good Sir. [*Exit Juſtice.* So——now, Mr. Conſtable, Shall you and I go pick up a Whore together.

Conſtab. No, thank you, Sir; My Wife's enough to ſatisfie any reaſonable Man.

Sir *John.* [*Aſide.*] He, he, he, he, he,——the Fool is Married then. Well, you won't go?

Conſtab. Not I, truly.

Sir *John.* Then I'll go by my ſelf; and you and your Wife may be Damn'd.

[*Exit Sir* John.

Conſtable gazing after him.]

Why God-a-marcy Parſon.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *Spring-Garden.*

Conſtant *and* Heartfree *Croſs the Stage. As they go off, Enter Lady* Fancyfull *and* Madamoiſelle, *Mask'd and Dogging 'em.*

Conſt. So: I think we are about the time appointed; Let us walk up this way.

[*Exeunt.*

Lady Fancy. Good: Thus far I have Dogg'd 'em without being diſcover'd. 'Tis infallibly ſome Intrigue that brings them to *Spring-Garden.* How my poor Heart is torn and wrackt with Fear and Jealouſie. Yet let it be any thing, but that Flirt *Bellinda*, and I'll try to bear it. But if it prove her, All that's Woman in me ſhall be employ'd to deſtroy her. [*Exeunt after* Conſtant *and* Heartfree.

Re-enter

Re-enter Conſtant *and* Heartfree. *Lady* Fancyfull and Madamoiſelle *ſtill following at a Diſtance.*

Conſt. I ſee no Females yet, that have any thing to ſay to us. I'm afraid we are banter'd.

Heart. I wiſh we were; for I'm in no Humour to make either them or my ſelf merry.

Conſt. Nay, I'm ſure you'll make them merry enough; if I tell 'em why you are dull. But prithee why ſo heavy and ſad, before you begin to be ill us'd?

Heart. For the ſame Reaſon, perhaps, that you are ſo brisk and well pleas'd; becauſe both Pains and Pleaſures are generally more conſiderable in Proſpect, than when they come to paſs.

Enter Lady B. *and* Bellinda, *mask'd, and poorly dreſs'd.*

Conſt. How now, who are theſe? Not our Game I hope.

Heart. If they are, we are e'en well enough ſerv'd, to come hunting here, when we had ſo much better Game in Chaſe elſewhere.

Lady Fancy. *to* Mademoiſelle.] So, thoſe are their Ladies without doubt. But I'm afraid that *Doily* Stuff is not worn for want of better Cloaths. They are the very Shape and Size of *Bellinda* and her Aunt.

Madamoiſ. So day be inteed, Matam.

Lady *Fancy.* We'll ſlip into this cloſe Arbor, where we may hear all they ſay.

[*Exeunt Lady* Fancy. *and* Madamoiſelle.

Lady B. What, are you afraid of us, Gentlemen?

Heart. Why truly I think we may, if Appearance don't lye.

Bel. Do you always find Women what they appear to be, Sir?

Heart. No Forſooth; but I ſeldom find 'em better than they appear to be.

Bel. Then the Outſide's beſt, you think?

Heart. 'Tis the honeſteſt.

Conſt. Have a care, *Heartfree*; you are relapſing again.

Lady B. Why, does the Gentleman uſe to rail at Women?

Conſt. He has done formerly.

Bel. I ſuppoſe he had very good Cauſe for't:
They did not uſe you ſo well, as you thought you deſerv'd, Sir.

Lady B. They made themſelves merry at your Expence, Sir.

Bel. Laugh'd when you Sigh'd.

Lady B. Slept while you were waking.

Bel. Had

Bel. Had your Porter beat.

Lady *B.* And threw your Billet doux in the Fire.

Heart. Hey day, I ſhall do more than rail preſently.

Bel. Why you won't beat us, will you?

Heart. I don't know but I may.

Conſt. What the Devil's coming here? Sir *John* in a Gown? —— And drunk I'faith.

Enter Sir John.

Sir *John.* What a Pox——here's *Conſtant*, *Heartfree*, —— and two Whores I gad: —— O you covetous Rogues; what, have you never a ſpare Punk for you Friend? —— But I'll ſhare with you.

[*He ſeizes both the Women.*

Heart Why, what the Plague have you been doing, Knight.

Sir *John.* Why, I have been beating the Watch, and ſcandalizing the Clergy.

Heart. A very good Account, truly.

Sir *John.* And what do you think I'll do next?

Conſt. Nay, that no Man can gueſs.

Sir *John.* Why, if you'll let me ſup with you, I'll treat both your Strumpets.

Lady *B.* [*aſide.*] O Lord, we are undone.

Heart. No, we can't ſup together, becauſe we have ſome Affairs elſewhere. But if you'll accept of theſe two Ladies, we'll be ſo complaiſant to you, to reſign our Right in 'em.

Bel. [*aſide.*] Lord, what ſhall we do?

Sir *John.* Let me ſee, their Cloaths are ſuch damn'd Cloaths, they won't pawn for the Reckoning.

Heart. Sir *John*, your Servant. Rapture attend you.

Conſt. Adieu Ladies, make much of the Gentleman.

Lady *B.* Why ſure, you won't leave us in the Hands of a drunken Fellow to abuſe us.

Sir *John.* Who do you call a drunken Fellow, you Slut you? I'm a Man of Quality; the King has made me a Knight.

[Heart. *runs off.*

Heart. Ay, ay, you are in good Hands, Adieu, adieu.

Lady *B.* The Devil's Hands: Let me go, or I'll —— For Heaven's ſake protect us.

[*She breaks from him, runs to* Conſtant, *twitching off her Mask and clapping it on again.*

Sir *John*

Sir *John.* I'll Devil you, you Jade you. I'll demoliſh your ugly Face.

Conſt. Hold a little, Knight, ſhe ſwoons.

Sir *John.* I'll ſwoon her.

Conſt. Hey, *Heartfree.*

Re-enter Heartfree. Bellinda *runs to him and ſhews her Face.*

Heart. O Heavens! My dear Creature, ſtand there a little.

Conſt. Pull him off, *Jack.*

Heart. Hold, mighty Man; look you, Sir, we did but jeſt with you. Theſe are Ladies of our Acquaintance, that we had a mind to frighten a little, but now you muſt leave us.

Sir *John.* Oons, I won't leave you, not I.

Heart. Nay, but you muſt though; and therefore make no words on't.

Sir *John.* Then you are a couple of damn'd uncivil Fellows. And I hope your Punks will give you ſauce to your Mutton.

[*Exit Sir* John.

Lady B. Oh, I ſhall never come to my ſelf again, I'm ſo frightned.

Conſt. 'Twas a narrow ſcape, indeed.

Bel. Women muſt have Frolicks, you ſee, whatever they coſt 'em.

Heart. This might have prov'd a dear one tho'.

Lady B. You are the more oblig'd to us, for the Riſque we run upon your Accounts.

Conſt. And I hope you'll acknowledge ſomething due to our Knight Errantry, Ladies. This is the ſecond time we have deliver'd you.

Lady B. 'Tis true; and ſince we ſee Fate has deſign'd you for our Guardians, 'twill make us the more willing to truſt our ſelves in your Hands. But you muſt not have the worſe Opinion of us for our Innocent Frolick.

Heart. Ladies, you may command our Opinions in every thing that is to your Advantage.

Bel. Then, Sir, I command you to be of Opinion, That Women are ſometimes better than they appear to be.

[*Lady* Brute *and* Conſtant *talk apart.*

Heart. Madam, you have made a Convert of me in every thing. I'm grown a Fool: I cou'd be fond of a Woman.

Bel. I thank you, Sir, in the Name of the whole Sex.

Heart. Which Sex nothing but your ſelf, cou'd ever have aton'd for.

Bel. Now has my Vanity a deviliſh Itch, to know in what my Merit conſiſts.

Heart. In

Heart. In your Humility, Madam, that keeps you ignorant it conſiſts at all.

Bel. One other Compliment with that ſerious Face, and I hate you for ever after.

Heart. Some Women love to be abus'd: Is that it you wou'd be at?

Bel. No, not that neither: But I'd have Men talk plainly what's fit for Women to hear; without putting 'em either to a real, or an affected Bluſh.

Heart. Why then, in as plain Terms as I can find to expreſs my ſelf: I cou'd love you even to —— Matrimony it ſelf a-moſt l-gad.

Bel. Juſt as Sir *John* did her Ladyſhip there.

What think you? Don't you believe one Month's time might bring you down to the ſame Indifference, only clad in a little better Manners, perhaps. Well, you Men are unaccountable things, mad till you have your Miſtreſſes; and then ſtark mad till you are rid of 'em again. Tell me, honeſtly, is not your Patience put to a much ſeverer Tryal after Poſſeſſion, than before?

Heart. With a great many, I muſt confeſs, it is, to our eternal Scandal; but I —— dear Creature, do but try me.

Bel. That's the ſureſt way indeed, to know, but not the ſafeſt.

To Lady B.] Madam, are not you for taking a turn in the Great Walk: It's almoſt dark, no body will know us.

Lady B. Really I find my ſelf ſomething idle, *Bellinda*, beſides, I dote upon this little odd private Corner. But don't let my lazy Fancy confine you.

Conſt. [*aſide.*] So, ſhe wou'd be left alone with me, that's well.

Bel Well, we'll take one turn, and come to you again.

To Heart.] Come, Sir, ſhall we go pry into the ſecrets of the Garden. Who knows what Diſcoveries we may make.

Heart. Madam, I'm at your Service.

Conſt. to Heart. [*aſide.*] Don't make too much haſte back; for, d'ye hear —— I may be buſie.

Heart. Enough.

[*Exit* Bellinda *and* Heartfree.

Lady B. Sure you think me ſcandalouſly free, Mr. *Conſtant.* I'm afraid I ſhall loſe your good Opinion of me.

Conſt. My good Opinion, Madam, is like your Cruelty, never to be remov'd.

Lady B But if I ſhou'd remove my Cruelty, then there's an end of your good Opinion.

Conſt. There is not ſo ſtrict an Alliance between 'em neither. 'Tis certain I ſhou'd love you then better (if that be poſſible) than I do now; and where I love, I always eſteem.

Lady B.

Lady B. Indeed, I doubt you much:
Why ſuppoſe you had a Wife, and ſhe ſhou'd entertain a Gallant.

Conſt. If I gave her juſt Cauſe, how cou'd I juſtly condemn her?

Lady B. Ah; but you'd differ widely about juſt Cauſes.

Conſt. But blows can bear no Diſpute.

Lady B. Nor Ill Manners much, truly.

Conſt. Then no Woman upon Earth, has ſo juſt a Cauſe as you have.

Lady B. O, but a faithful Wife, is a beautiful Character.

Conſt. To a deſerving Husband, I confeſs it is.

Lady B. But can his Faults Releaſe my Duty?

Conſt. In Equity without doubt. And where Laws diſpenſe with Equity; Equity ſhould diſpenſe with Laws.

Lady B. Pray let's leave this Diſpute; for you Men have as much Witchcraft in your Arguments, as Women have in their Eyes.

Conſt. But whil'ſt you Attack me with your Charms, 'tis but reaſonable I Aſſault you with mine.

Lady B. The Caſe is not the ſame. What Miſchief we do, we can't help, and therefore are to be forgiven.

Conſt. Beauty ſoon obtains Pardon, for the Pain that it gives, when it applies the Balm of Compaſſion to the Wound; But a fine Face, and a hard Heart, is almoſt as bad as an ugly Face and a ſoft one: both very troubleſom to many a Poor Gentleman.

Lady B. Yes, and to many a Poor Gentlewoman too, I can aſſure you. But pray which of 'em is it, that moſt afflicts you?

Conſt. Your Glaſs and Conſcience will inform you, Madam. But for Heaven's ſake (for now I muſt be ſerious) if Pity or if Gratitude can move you, [*Taking her hand.*
If Conſtancy and Truth have Power to tempt you; If Love, if Adoration can affect you, give me at leaſt ſome hopes, that time may do, what you perhaps mean never to perform; 'Twill eaſe my Sufferings, tho' not quench my Flame.

Lady B. Your Sufferings eas'd, your Flame wou'd ſoon abate; And that I wou'd preſerve, not quench it, Sir.

Conſt. Wou'd you preſerve it, nouriſh it with favours; for that's the Food, it naturally requires.

Lady B. Yet on that Natural Food, 'twou'd Surfeit ſoon, ſhou'd I reſolve to grant all that you wou'd ask.

Conſt. And in refuſing all, you ſtarve it. Forgive me therefore, ſince my Hunger rages, if I at laſt grow Wild, and in my frenzy force at leaſt, This from you. [*Kiſſing her hand.*

Or if you'd have my Flame, ſoar higher ſtill, then grant me this, and this, and this, and Thouſands more; [*Kiſſing firſt her hand, then her neck. Aſide.*] for now's the time, She melts into Compaſſion.

Lady B. [*Aſide.*] Poor Coward Vertue, how it ſhuns the Battle. O heavens! let me go.

Conſt. Ay, go, ay: Where ſhall we go, my Charming Angel,—into this private Arbour.—Nay, let's loſe no time—Moments are precious.

Lady B. And Lovers wild. Pray let us ſtop here; at leaſt for this time.

Conſt. 'Tis impoſſible: He that has Power over you, can have none over himſelf.

Lady B. Ah; I'm loſt.

Lady Fancy. Fe, fe, fe, fe, fe.

Madamoiſ. Fe, fe, fe, fe, fe.

Conſt. Death and Furies, who are theſe?

As he is forcing her into the Arbour, Lady Fancyful *and* Madamoiſelle *bolt out upon them, and Run over the Stage.*

Lady B. Oh heavens, I'm out of my Wits; if they knew me, I'm Ruin'd.

Conſt. Don't be frightned; Ten thouſand to One they are Strangers to you.

Lady B. Whatever they are, I won't ſtay here a moment longer.

Conſt. Whither will you go?

Lady B. Home, as if the Devil were in me. Lord where's this *Bellinda* now?

Enter Bellinda *and* Heartfree.

O! it's well you are come: I'm ſo frightned my Hair ſtands an end: Let's be gone for Heaven's ſake.

Bell. Lord, What's the Matter?

Lady B. The Devil's the Matter, we are diſcover'd. Here's a Couple of Women have done the moſt impertinent thing. Away, Away, Away, Away, Away.

[*Exit running.*

Re-enter Lady Fancyful *and* Madamoiſelle.

Lady Fancy. Well *Madamoiſelle*, 'tis a Prodigious thing, how Women can ſuffer filthy Fellows, to grow ſo familiar with 'em.

Madamoiſ. Ah Matam, il n'y a rien deſi Naturel.

Lady

Lady Fancy. Fe, fe, fe. But oh my Heart; O Jealouſie, O Torture, I'm upon the rack. What ſhall I do, my Lover's loſt, I ne'er ſhall ſee him. Mine.

Panſing——] But I may be reveng'd; and that's the ſame thing. Ah ſweet Revenge. Thou welcome thought, thou healing Balſam, to my wounded Soul. Be but propitious on this one Occaſion, I'll place my Heaven in thee, for all my Life to come.

To Woman how indulgent Nature's kind.
No Blaſt of Fortune long diſturbs her Mind.
Compliance to her Fate ſupports her ſtill,
If Love won't make her Happy——Miſchief will.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE *Lady* Fancyfull's *Houſe.*

Enter Lady Fancyfull *and* Madamoiſelle.

Lady Fancy. WEll, *Madamoiſelle*; Did you Dogg the filthy things?

Madamoiſ. O que Ouy Matam.

Lady Fancy. And where are they?

Madamoiſ. Au Logis.

Lady Fancy. VVhat? Men and All?

Madamoiſ. Tous enſemble.

Lady Fancy. O Confidence! VVhat, carry their Fellows to their own Houſe?

Madamoiſ. C'eſt que le Mari n'y eſt pas.

Lady Fancy. No, ſo I believe, truly. But he ſhall be there, and quickly too, if I can find him out.
Well, 'tis a Prodigious thing, to ſee when Men and VVomen get together, how they fortifie one another in their Impudence. But if that Drunken Fool, her Husband, be to be found in e'er a Tavern in Town, I'll ſend him amongſt 'em. I'll ſpoil their Sport.

Madamoiſ. En Verite Matam, ce ſeroit domage.

Lady Fancy. 'Tis in Vain to Oppoſe it, *Madamoiſelle*; therefore never go about it. For I am the ſteadieſt Creature in the VVorld—when I have determin'd to do Miſchief. So, Come along.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *Sir* John Brute's *Houſe.*

Enter Conſtant, Heartfree, *Lady* Brute, Bellinda, *and* Lovewell.

Lady B. But are you ſure you don't Miſtake, *Lovewell?*

Love. Madam, I ſaw 'em all go into the Tavern together, and my Maſter was ſo drunk he cou'd ſcarce ſtand.

Lady B. Then, Gentlemen, I believe we may Venture to let you Stay and Play at Cards with us an Hour or two; for they'll ſcarce part till Morning.

Bell. I think 'tis pity they ſhou'd ever part.

Conſt. The Company that's here, Madam.

Lady B. Then, Sir, the Company that's here, muſt remember to part it ſelf, in time.

Conſt. Madam, we dont intend to forfeit your future Favours, by an indiſcreet Uſage of this. The moment you give us the Signal, we ſha'n't fail to make our Retreat.

Lady B. Upon thoſe Conditions then, Let us ſit down to Cards.

Enter Lovewell.

O Lord, Madam, here's my Maſter juſt ſtaggering in upon you; He has been Quarrelſom yonder, and they have kick'd him out of the Company.

Lady B. Into the Cloſet, Gentlemen, for Heaven's ſake; I'll wheedle him to Bed, if poſſible.

[Conſt. *and* Heart. *run into the Cloſet.*

Enter Sir John, *all Dirt and Bloody.*

Lady B. Ah——ah——he's all over Blood.

Sir *John.* What the Plague, do's the Woman —— Squall for? Did you never ſee a Man in Pickle before?

Lady B. Lord, where have you been?

Sir *John.* I have been at——Cuffs.

Lady B. I fear that is not all. I hope you are not wounded.

Sir *John.* Sound as a Roche, Wife.

Lady B. I'm mighty glad to hear it.

Sir *John.*

Sir *J.* You know——I think you Lye.

Lady B. I know you do me wrong to think ſo; then. For Heaven's my Witneſs, I had rather ſee my own Blood trickle down, than yours.

Sir *John.* Then will I be Crucify'd.

Lady B. 'Tis a hard Fate, I ſhou'd not be believ'd.

Sir *John.* 'Tis a damn'd Atheiſtical Age, Wife.

Lady B. I am ſure I have given you a Thouſand tender Proofs, how great my Care is of you.

Nay, ſpite of all your Cruel Thoughts, I'll ſtill perſiſt, and at this moment, if I can, perſwade you to lie down, and Sleep a little.

Sir *John.* Why, —do you think I am drunk—you Slut, you?

Lady B. Heaven forbid, I ſhou'd: But I'm afraid you are Feaveriſh. Pray let me feel your Pulſe.

Sir *John.* Stand off and be damn'd.

Lady B. Why, I ſee your Diſtemper in your very Eyes. You are all on fire. Pray go to Bed; Let me intreat you.

Sir *John.* ——Come kiſs me, then.

Lady B. [*Kiſſing him.*] There: Now go [*Aſide.*] He ſtinks like Poiſon.

Sir *John.* I ſee it go's damnably againſt your Stomach——

And therefore—— Kiſs me again.

Lady B. Nay, now you fool me.

Sir *John.* Do't, I ſay.

Lady B. [*Aſide.*] Ah Lord have mercy upon me.

Well; There; Now will you go?

Sir *John.* Now Wife, you ſhall ſee my Gratitude. You give me two Kiſſes, I'll give you—two Hundred. [*Kiſſes and tumbles her.*

Lady B. O Lord: Pray, Sir *John*, be quiet.

Heavens, what a Pickle am I in.

Bell. [*Aſide.*] If I were in her Pickle, I'd call my Gallant out of the Cloſet, and he ſhou'd Cudgel him ſoundly.

Sir *John.* So; Now, you being as dirty and as naſty as my ſelf, We may go Pig together. But firſt, I muſt have a Cup of your Cold Tea, Wife. [*Going to the Cloſet.*

Lady B. O, I'm ruin'd.

There's none there, my Dear.

Sir *John.* I'll warrant you, I'll find ſome, my Dear.

Lady B. You can't Open the Door, the Lock's ſpoil'd. I have been ſtirring and turning the Key this half hour to no purpoſe. I'll ſend for the Smith to Morrow.

Sir *John.*

Sir *John.* There's ne'er a Smith in *Europe* can Open a Door with more Expedition than I can do.——As for Example,
——Pou. [*He burſts Open the Door with his foot.*
——How now?——
What the Devil have we got here?——
Conſtant——*Heartfree*——And two VVhores again, I gad.——
——This is the worſt Cold Tea——that ever I met with in my Life.——

Enter Conſtant *and* Heartfree.

Lady B. [*aſide.*] O Lord, what will become of us?

Sir *John.* Gentlemen —— I am your very humble Servant —— I give you many Thanks —— I ſee you take Care of my Family —— I ſhall do all I can to return the Obligation.

Conſt. Sir, how odly ſoever this Buſineſs may appear to you, you wou'd have no Cauſe to be uneaſie, if you knew the Truth of all things; your Lady is the moſt virtuous Woman in the World, and nothing has paſt, but an Innocent Frolick.

Heart. Nothing elſe, upon my Honour, Sir.

Sir *John.* You are both very Civil Gentlemen ——And my Wife, there, is a very Civil Gentlewoman; therefore I don't doubt but many Civil things have paſt between you. Your very humble Servant.

L. B. [*Aſide to* Conſt.] Pray be gone; He's ſo drunk he can't hurt us to Night, and to Morrow Morning you ſhall hear from us.

Conſt. I'll Obey you, Madam.
Sir, when you are Cool, you'll underſtand Reaſon better. So then I ſhall take the Pains to Inform you.
If not——I wear a Sword, Sir, and ſo good-b'uy to you.
Come along, *Heartfree.*

Sir *John.* —Wear a Sword, Sir: —And what of all that, Sir?——He comes to my Houſe; Eats my Meat; Lies with my Wife; Diſhonours my Family; Gets a Baſtard to Inherit my Eſtate.—And when I ask a Civil Account of all this—— Sir, ſays, he, I wear a Sword. ——Wear a Sword, Sir? Yes Sir, ſays he; I wear a Sword——It may be a good Anſwer at Croſs-Purpoſes; But 'tis a Damn'd One to a Man in my Whimſical Circumſtance —— Sir, ſays he, I wear a Sword.
To Lady B.] And what do you wear now? ha? tell me.
[*Sitting down in a great Chair.*
What? you are Modeſt and cant?——

Why

Why then I'll tell you, you Slut you.
You wear——an Impudent Lewd Face.——
A Damn'd Deſigning Heart—— And a Tail—— and a Tail full of——

He falls faſt aſleep, ſnoaring.

Lady B. So; Thanks to Kind Heaven, he's faſt for ſome Hours.

Bell. 'Tis well he is ſo, that we may have time to lay our Story handſomly; for we muſt Lie like the Devil to bring our ſelves off.

Lady B. What ſhall we ſay, *Bellinda?*

Bell. [*Muſing.*] —— I'll tell you: It muſt all light upon *Heartfree* and I. We'll ſay he has Courted me ſome time, but for Reaſons unknown to us, has ever been very earneſt the thing might be kept from Sir *John.* That therefore hearing him upon the Stairs, he run into the Cloſet, tho' againſt our Will, and *Conſtant* with him, to prevent Jealouſie. And to give this a good Impudent face of Truth, (that I may deliver you from the Trouble you are in:) I'll e'en (if he pleaſes) Marry him.

Lady B. I'm beholding to you, Couſin; but that wou'd be carrying the Jeſt a little too far for your Own ſake: You know he's a younger Brother, and has Nothing.

Bell. 'Tis true; But I like him, and have Fortune enough to keep above Extremity: I can't ſay, I wou'd live with him in a Cell upon Love and Bread and Butter. But I had rather have the Man I love, and a Middle State of Life, Than that Gentleman in the Chair there, and twice your Ladiſhip's Splendour.

Lady B. In truth, Niece, you are in the Right on't: for I am very Uneaſie with my Ambition. But perhaps, had I married as you'll do, I might have been as Ill us'd.

Bel. Some Riſque, I do confeſs, there always is; But if a Man has the leaſt ſpark, either of Honour or good Nature, he can never uſe a Woman Ill, that loves him and makes his Fortune both. Yet I muſt own to you, ſome little Struggling I ſtill have, with this teazing Ambition of ours. For Pride, you know, is as Natural to a Woman, as 'tis to a Saint. I can't help being fond of this Rogue; and yet it go's to my Heart to think I muſt never Whisk to *Hide-Park*, with above a Pair of Horſes; Have no Coronet upon my Coach, nor a Page to carry up my Train. But above all —— that buſineſs of Place —— Well; Taking Place, is a Noble Prerogative.

Lady B. Eſpecially after a Quarrel.

Bell. Or of a Rival. But pray ſay no more on't, for fear I change my Mind. For o' my Conſcience, were't not for your Affair in the ballance, I ſhou'd go near to pick up ſome Odious Man of Quality yet, and only take poor *Heartfree* for a Gallant.

Lady B.

Lady B. Then him you muſt have, however things go?

Bel. Yes.

Lady B. Why we may pretend what we will; but 'tis a hard matter to Live without the Man we Love.

Bel. Eſpecially when we are Married to the Man we hate. Pray tell me? Do the Men of the Town ever believe us Virtuous, when they ſee us do ſo?

Lady B. O, no: Nor indeed hardly, let us do what we will. They moſt of 'em think, there is no ſuch thing as Virtue conſider'd in the ſtricteſt notions of it: And therefore when you hear 'em ſay, Such a one is a Woman of Reputation, They only mean ſhe's a Woman of Diſcretion. For they conſider, we have no more Religion than they have, nor ſo much Morality; and between you and I, *Bellinda*, I'm afraid the want of Inclination ſeldom protects any of us.

Bel. But what think you of the fear of being found out.

Lady B. I think that never kept any Woman virtuous long. We are not ſuch Cowards neither. No: Let us once paſs Fifteen, and we have too good an Opinion of our own Cunning, to believe the World can penetrate, into what we wou'd keep a Secret. And ſo in ſhort, We cannot reaſonably blame the Men for judging of us by themſelves.

Bel. But ſure we are not ſo Wicked as they are, after all.

Lady B. We are as Wicked, Child, but our Vice lies another way: Men have more Courage than we, ſo they commit more Bold, Impudent Sins. They Quarrel, Fight, Swear, Drink, Blaſpheme, and the like. Whereas we, being Cowards, only Backbite, tell Lyes, Cheat at Cards and ſo forth. But 'tis late. Let's end our Diſcourſe for to Night, and out of an exceſs of Charity, take a ſmall Care, of that naſty drunken thing there——Do but look at him, *Bellinda*.

Bel. Ah——'tis a Savoury Diſh.

Lady B. As ſavoury as 'tis, I'm cloy'd with't. Prithee Call the Butler to take away.

Bel. Call the Butler?——Call the Scavenger.

To a Servant within.] Who's there? Call *Raſor*! Let him take away his Maſter, Scower him clean with a little Soap and Sand, and ſo put him to Bed.

Lady B. Come *Bellinda*, I'll e'en lie with you to Night; and in the Morning we'll ſend for our Gentlemen to ſet this Matter even:

Bel. Withal my Heart.

Lady B. Good Night, my Dear. *Making a low Curtſy.*

Both. Ha, ha, ha.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Raſor.

My Lady there's a Wag —— My Maſter there's a Cuckold. Marriage is a ſlippery thing —— Women have deprav'd Appetites; —— My Lady's a Wag, I have heard all: I have ſeen all: I underſtand all, and I'll tell all; for my little French-woman loves News dearly. This Story'll gain her Heart or nothing will.

To his Maſter.] Come, Sir, Your Head's too full of Fumes at preſent, to make Room for your Jealouſie; but I reckon we ſhall have Rare work with you, when your Pate's empty. Come; to your Kennel, you Cuckoldly drunken Sot you. [*Carries him out upon his Back.*

SCENE *Lady* Fancyfull's *Houſe.*

Enter Lady Fancyfull *and* Madamoiſelle.

Lady Fancy. But, why did not you tell me before, *Madamoiſelle*, that *Raſor* and you were fond?

Madamoiſ. De Modeſty hinder me, Matam.

Lady Fancy. Why truly Modeſty do's often hinder us from doing things we have an Extravagant Mind to. But do's he love you well enough yet, to do any thing you bid him? Do you think to Oblige you he wou'd ſpeak Scandal?

Madamoiſ. Matam, to Oblige your Ladiſhip, he ſhall ſpeak Blaſphemy.

Lady Fancy. Why then, *Madamoiſelle*, I'll tell you what you ſhall do. You ſhall engage him to tell his Maſter, all that paſt at *Spring-Garden*. I have a Mind he ſhou'd know what a Wife and a Neice he has got.

Madamoiſ. Il le fera, Matam.

Enter a Footman, who ſpeaks to Madamoiſelle *apart.*

Foot. Madamoiſelle; Yonder's Mr. *Raſor* deſires to ſpeak with you.

Madamoiſ. Tell him, I come preſently. [*Exit Footman.*

Raſor be dare, Matam.

Lady Fancy. That's Fortunate: Well, I'll leave you together. And if you find him ſtubborn, *Madamoiſelle*, —— heark you — don't refuſe him a few little reaſonable Liberties, to put him into humour.

Madamoiſ. Laiſez moy faire. [*Exit Lady* Fancyfull.

[Raſor *peeps in*; *and ſeeing Lady* Fancyfull *gone, runs to* Madamoiſelle, *takes her about the Neck and kiſſes her.*

Madamoiſ.

Madamoiſ. How now, Confidence.

Raſ. How now, Modeſty.

Madamoiſ. Who make you ſo familiar, Sirrah?

Raſ. My Impudence, Huſſy.

Madamoiſ. Stand off, Rogue-face.

Raſ. Ah—*Madamoiſelle*—great News at our Houſe.

Madamoiſ. Wy wat be de matter?

Raſ. The Matter?—why, Uptails All's the Matter.

Madamoiſ. Tu te mocque de moy.

Raſ. Now do you long to know the particulars:
The time when: The place where: The manner how;
But I won't tell you a Word more.

Madamoiſ. Nay, den dou Kill me, *Raſor.*

Raſ. Come, Kiſs me, then. [*Clapping his hands behind him.*

Madamoiſ. Nay, pridee tell me.

Raſ. Good b'wy to ye. [*Going.*

Mademoiſ. Hold, hold: I will Kiſs dee. [*Kiſſing him.*

Raſ. So: that's Civil: Why now, my pretty Pall; My Goldfinch; My little Waterwagtail —— you muſt know that ——Come, Kiſs me again.

Madamoiſ. I won't Kiſs dee no more.

Raſ. Good b'wy to ye.

Madamoiſ. Doucement: Dare: es tu content? [*Kiſſing him.*

Raſ. So: Now I'll tell thee all.
Why the News is, That Cuckoldom in Folio, is newly Printed; and Matrimony in Quarto, is juſt going into the Preſs. Will you Buy any Books, *Madamoiſelle?*

Madamoiſ. Tu Parle comme un Librair, de Devil no Underſtand dee.

Raſ. Why then, that I may make my ſelf intelligible to a Waiting-woman, I'll ſpeak like a Vallet de Chamber. My Lady has Cuckolded my Maſter.

Madamoiſ. Bon.

Raſ. Which we take very ill from her hands, I can tell her that. We can't yet prove Matter of Fact upon her.

Madamoiſ. N'importe.

Raſ. But we can prove, that Matter of Fact had like to have been upon her.

Madamoiſ. Oûy da.

Raſ. For we have ſuch bloody Circumſtances.

Madamoiſ. Sans Doute.

Raſ. That any Man of Parts, may draw tickling Concluſions from 'em.

Madamoiſ. Fort bien.

Raſ. We have found a couple of tight well-built Gentlemen, ſtuſt into her Ladiſhips Cloſet.

Madamoiſ. Le Diable

Raſ. And I, in my particular Perſon, have diſcover'd a moſt Damnable Plot, how to perſwade my poor Maſter, that all this Hide and Seek, this Will in the Wiſp, has no other meaning than a Chriſtian Marriage for ſweet Mrs. *Bellinda.*

Madamoiſ. Une Marriage? —Ah les Droleſs.

Raſ. Don't you interrupt me, Huſſy; 'tis Agreed, I ſay. And my Innocent Lady, to Riggle her ſelf out at the Back-door of the Buſineſs, turns Marriage-Bawd to her Neice, and reſolves to deliver up her fair Body, to be tumbled and mumbled, by that young Liquoriſh Whipſter, *Heartfree.* Now are you ſatisfy'd?

Madamoiſ. Nc.

Raſ. Right Woman; Always gaping for more.

Madamoiſ. Dis be all den, dat dou know?

Raſ. All? Ay, and a great deal too, I think.

Madamoiſ. Dou be fool, dou know noting.
Ecoute mon panvre *Raſor.*
Dou ſee des two Eyes? —Des two Eyes have ſee de Devil.

Raſ. The Woman's Mad.

Madamoiſ. In *Spring-Garden*, dat Rogue *Conſtant*, meet dy Lady.

Raſ. Bon.

Madamoiſ. ——I'll tell dee no more.

Raſ. Nay, prithee, my Swan.

Madamoiſ. Come, Kiſs me den. [*Clapping her hands behind her, as he had done before.*

Raſ. I won't Kiſs you, not I.

Madamoiſ. Adieu.

Raſ. Hold: —— Now proceed. [*Gives her a hearty Kiſs.*

Madamoiſ. A ça——I hide my ſelf in one Cunning place, where I hear all, and ſee all. Firſt dy drunken Maſter come mal a propos; But de Sot no know his own dear Wife, ſo he leave her to her Sport—
Den de game begin.
De Lover ſay ſoft ting. { *As ſhe ſpeaks*, Raſor *ſtill acts the Man, and ſhe the Woman.*
De Lady look upon de Ground
He take her by de Hand.
She turn her Head, one oder way.
Den he ſqueez very hard.
Den ſhe pull——very ſoftly.
Den he take her in his Arm.
Den ſhe give him, Leetel pat.
Den he Kiſs her Tettons.

Den

Den ſhe ſay——Piſh, nay ſee.
Den he tremble,
Den ſhe —— Sigh.
Den he pull her into de Arbour,
Den ſhe pinch him
Raſ. Ay, but not ſo hard, you Baggage you.
Mademoiſ. Den he grow Bold.
She grow Weak.
He tro her down
Il tombe deſſu,
Le Diable aſſiſt,
Il emport tout:
Stand off, Sirrah.

{ Raſor *ſtruggles with her, as if he won'd throw her down.*

Raſ. You have ſet me a fire, you Jade you.
Madamoiſ. Den go to de River and quench dy ſelf.
Raſ. What an unnatural Harlot 'tis.
Madamoiſ. Raſor. [*Looking languiſhingly on him.*
Raſ. Madamoiſelle.
Madamoiſ. Dou no love me.
Raſ. Not love thee! —— More than a French-man do's Soupe.
Madamoiſ. Den dou will refuſe noting dat I bid dee?
Raſ. Don't bid me be damn'd then:
Madamoiſ. No, only tell dy Maſter, all I have tell dee of dy Laty.
Raſ. Why you little malicious Strumpet, you; ſhou'd you like to be ſerv'd ſo?
Madamoiſ. Dou diſpute den?—— Adieu.
Raſ. Hold —— But why wilt thou make me be ſuch a Rogue, my Dear?
Madamoiſ. Voilà un Vrai Anglois: il eſt Amoureux, et cependant il veut raiſoner. Vat 'en au Diable.
Raſ. Hold once more: In hopes thou'lt give me up thy Body, I reſign thee up my Soul.
Madamoiſ. Bon: ecoute donc: —— if dou fail me —— I never ſee dee more —— if dou obey me —— Ie m'abandonne à toy.

{ *She takes him about the Neck, and gives him a ſmacking Kiſs.*

[*Exit* Madamoiſelle.

Raſ. licking his Lips.]

Not be a Rogue? —— *Amor Vincit omnia.* [*Exit* Raſor.

Enter

Enter Lady Fancyfull *and* Madamoiſelle.

Lady Fancy. Marry, ſay ye? Will the two things marry?

Madamoiſ. On le va faire, Matam.

Lady Fancy. Look you, *Madamoiſelle*, in ſhort, I can't bear it —— —— No; I find I can't —— If once I ſee 'em a-bed together, I ſhall have ten thouſand Thoughts in my Head will make me run diſtracted. Therefore run and call *Raſor* back immediately, for ſomething muſt be done to ſtop this Impertinent Wedding. If I can but deferr it four and twenty Hours, I'll make ſuch work about Town, with that little pert Sluts Reputation. He ſhall as ſoon marry a Witch.

Madamoiſ. [*aſide.*] La Voilà bien intentionée. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE Conſtant's *Lodgings.*

Enter Conſtant *and* Heartfree.

Conſt. But what doſt think will come of this Buſineſs?

Heart. 'Tis eaſier to think what will not come on't.

Conſt. What's that?

Heart. A Challenge. I know the Knight too well for that. His dear Body will always prevail upon his noble Soul to be quiet.

Conſt. But tho' he dare not challenge me, perhaps he may venture to challenge his Wife.

Heart. Not if you whiſper him in the Ear, you won't have him do't, and there's no other way left that I ſee. For as drunk as he was, he'll remember you and I were where we ſhou'd not be; and I don't think him quite Blockhead enough yet, to be perſwaded we were got into his Wife's Cloſet, only to peep in her Prayer-book.

Enter Servant, with a Letter.

Servant. Sir, Here's a Letter, a Porter brought it.

Conſt. O ho, here's Inſtructions for us.

Reads.]

The Accident that has happen'd has touch'd our Invention to the quick. We wou'd fain come off, without your help; but find that's impoſſible. In a word, the whole Buſineſs muſt be thrown upon a Matrimonial Intrigue, between your Friend and

and mine. But if the Parties are not fond enough, to go quite through with the Matter; 'tis ſufficient for our turn, they own the Deſign. We'll find Pretences enough, to break the Match. Adieu.

—— Well, Woman for Invention: How long wou'd my Blockhead have been a producing this.

—— Hey, *Heartfree*; what, muſing Man? Prithee be chearful. What ſay'ſt thou, Friend, to this Matrimonial Remedy?

Heart. Why I ſay, it's worſe than the Diſeaſe.

Conſt. Here's a Fellow for you: There's Beauty and Money on her Side, and Love up to the Ears on his; and yet ——

Heart. And yet, I think, I may reaſonably be allow'd to boggle at marrying the Neice, in the very Moment that you are a debauching the Aunt.

Conſt. Why truly, there may be ſomething in that. But have not you a good Opinion enough of your own Parts, to believe you cou'd keep a Wife to your ſelf?

Heart. I ſhou'd have, if I had a good Opinion enough of hers, to believe ſhe cou'd do as much by me. For to do 'em Right, after all, the Wife ſeldom rambles, till the Husband ſhews her the way.

Conſt. 'Tis true; a Man of real Worth, ſcarce ever is a Cuckold, but by his own Fault. Women are not naturally lewd, there muſt be ſomething to urge 'em to it. They'll cuckold a Churle, out of Revenge; A Fool, becauſe they deſpiſe him; a Beaſt becauſe they loath him. But when they make bold with a Man they once had a well grounded Value for, 'tis becauſe they firſt ſee themſelves neglected by him.

Heart. Nay, were I well aſſur'd, that I ſhou'd never grow Sir *John*. I ne'er ſhou'd fear *Bellinda* 'd play my Lady. But our Weakneſs, thou know'ſt, my Friend, conſiſts in that very Charge, we ſo impudently throw upon (indeed) a ſteadier and more generous Sex.

Conſt. Why Faith we are a little Impudent in that Matter that's the Truth on't. But this is wonderful, to ſee you grown ſo warm an Advocate for thoſe (but t'other Day) you took ſo much pains to abuſe.

Heart. All Revolutions run into Extreams, the Bigot makes the boldeſt Atheiſt; and the coyeſt Saint, the moſt extravagant Strumpet. But Prithee adviſe me in this good and Evil; this Life and Death, this Bleſſing and Curſing, that is ſet before me. Shall I marry —— or die a Maid?

Conſt. Why Faith, *Heartfree*, Matrimony is like an Army going to engage. Love's the forlorn Hope, which is ſoon cut off; the Marriage-Knot is the main Body, which may ſtand Buff a long long time; and

Repentance

Repentance is the Rear-Guard, which rarely gives ground, as long as the main Battle has a Being.

Heart. Concluſion then; you adviſe me to whore on, as you do.

Conſt. That's not concluded yet. For tho' Marriage be a Lottery in which there are a wondrous many Blanks; yet there is one ineſtimable Lot, in which the only Heaven on Earth is written. Wou'd your kind Fate but guide your Hand to that, though I were wrapt in all that Luxury it ſelf cou'd cloath me with, I ſtill ſhou'd envy you.

Heart. And juſtly too: For to be capable of loving one, doubtleſs is better than to poſſeſs a Thouſand. But how far that Capacity's in me, alas I know not.

Conſt. But you wou'd know?

Heart. I wou'd ſo.

Conſt. Matrimony will inform you.
Come, one Flight of Reſolution carries you to the Land of Experience; where, in a very moderate time, you'll know the Capacity of your Soul, and your Body both, or I'm miſtaken. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *Sir* John Brute's *Houſe.*

Enter Lady Brute *and* Bellinda.

Bel. Well, Madam, what Anſwer have you from 'em?

Lady B. That they'll be here this Moment. I fanſie 'twill end in a Wedding. I'm ſure he's a Fool if it don't. Ten Thouſand Pound, and ſuch a Laſs as you are, is no contemptible Offer to a younger Brother. But are not you under ſtrange Agitations? Prithee how do's your Pulſe beat?

Bel. High and low, I have much ado to be Valiant, feel very ſtrange to go to Bed to a Man?

Lady B. Um —— it do's feel a little odd at firſt, but it will ſoon grow eaſy to you.

Enter Conſtant *and* Heartfree.

Lady B. Good Morrow Gentlemen: How have you ſlept after your Adventure?

Heart. Some careful Thoughts, Ladies, on your Accounts have kept us waking.

Bel. And ſome careful Thoughts on your own, I believe, have hindred you from ſleeping. Pray how do's this Matrimonial Project reliſh with you.

Heart. Why

Heart. Why Faith e'en as ſtorming Towns does with Soldiers, where the Hopes of delicious Plunder baniſhes the Fear of being knock'd on the Head.

Bel. Is it then poſſible after all, That you dare think of downright lawful Wedlock?

Heart. Madam, you have made me ſo Fool-hardy, I dare do any thing.

Bel. Then Sir, I challenge you; and Matrimony's the Spot where I expect you.

Heart. 'Tis enough; I'll not fail.

[*Aſide.*] So, Now I am in for *Hobs*'s Voyage; a great Leap in the Dark.

Lady B. Well, Gentlemen, this Matter being concluded then, have you got your Leſſons ready? For Sir *John* is grown ſuch an Atheiſt of late, he'll believe nothing upon eaſie Terms.

Conſt. We'll find ways to extend his Faith, Madam. But pray how do you find him this Morning?

Lady B. Moſt lamentably moroſe, chewing the Cud after laſt Night's Diſcovery; of which however he had but a confus'd Notion e'en now. But I'm afraid his Vallet de Chamber has told him all, for they are very buſie together at this Moment. When I told him of *Belinda*'s Marriage, I had no other Anſwer but a Grunt: From which, you may draw what Concluſions you think fit.
Ent to your Notes, Gentlemen, He's here.

Enter Sir John *and* Raſor.

Conſt. Good Morrow, Sir.

Heart. Good Morrow, Sir *John*. I'm very ſorry my Indiſcretion ſhou'd cauſe ſo much Diſorder in your Family.

Conſt. Diſorders generally come from Indiſcretions, Sir, 'tis no ſtrange thing at all.

Lady B. I hope, my Dear, you are ſatisfied there was no wrong intended you.

Sir *John.* None, my Dove.

Bel. If not, I hope my Conſent to marry Mr. *Heartfree* will convince you. For as little as I know of Amours, Sir, I can aſſure you, one Intrigue is enough to bring four People together, without further miſchief.

Sir *John.* And I know too, that Intrigues tends to Procreation of more kinds than one. One Intrigue will beget another as ſoon as beget a Son or a Daughter.

Conſt. I am very ſorry, Sir, to ſee you ſtill ſeem unſatisfy'd with a Lady, whoſe more than common Vertue, I am ſure, were ſhe my Wife, ſhou'd meet a better Uſage.

Sir *John.* Sir, If her Conduct has put a trick upon her Vertue, her Vertue's the Bubble, but her Husband's the Loſer.

Conſt. Sir, You have receiv'd a ſufficient Anſwer already, to juſtifie both her Conduct and mine. You'll pardon me for medling in your Family Affairs; but I perceive I am the Man you are jealous of, and therefore it concerns me.

Sir *John.* Wou'd it did not concern me, and then I ſhou'd not care who it concern'd.

Conſt. Well, Sir, if Truth and Reaſon won't content you; I know but one way more, which, if you think fit, you may take.

Sir *John.* Lord, Sir, you are very haſty: If I had been found at Prayers in your Wife's Cloſet, I ſhou'd have allow'd you twice as much time to come to your ſelf in.

Conſt. Nay, Sir, if Time be all you want. We have no Quarrel.

Heart. I told you how the Sword wou'd work [*Sir* John *muzes.*
upon him.

Conſt. Let him muze; however, I'll lay Fifty Pound our Foreman brings us in, Not Guilty.

Sir *John.* [*Aſide.*] 'Tis well —— 'tis very well —— In ſpight of that young Jade's Matrimonial Intrigue, I am a downright ſtinking Cuckold —— Here they are —— Boo —— [*Putting his Hand*
Methinks I could Butt with a Bull. *to his Forehead.*
What the plague did I marry her for? I knew ſhe did not like me; if ſhe had, ſhe wou'd have lain with me; for I wou'd have done ſo, becauſe I lik'd her: But that's paſt, and I have her. And now, what ſhall I do with her —— If I put my Horns in my Pocket, ſhe'll grow Inſolent —— If I don't; that Goat there, that Stallion, is ready to whip me through the Guts. —— The Debate then is reduc'd to this; Shall I die a Heroe? or live a Raſcal? ——— Why, Wiſer Men than I, have long ſince concluded, that a living Dog is better than a dead Lion. ———
[*To* Conſt. *and* Heart.] Gentlemen, now my Wine and my Paſſion are governable, I muſt own, I have never obſerv'd any thing in my Wife's Courſe of Life, to back me in my Jealouſie of her: but Jealouſie's a mark of Love; ſo ſhe need not trouble her head about it, as long as I make no more words on't.

Lady Fancyf. *enters Diſguis'd, and Addreſſes to* Bellinda *apart.*

Conſt. I am glad to ſee your Reaſon rule at laſt. Give me your Hand: I hope you'll look upon me as you are wont.

Sir *John.* Your humble Servant. [*Aſide,*] A wheedling Son of a Whore.

Heart. And that I may be ſure you are Friends with me too, pray give me your Conſent to wed your Niece.

Sir *John.* Sir, you have it with all my Heart: Damn me if you han't. [*Aſide.*] 'Tis time to get rid of her; A young Pert Pimp; She'll make an incomparable Bawd in a little time.

Enter

Enter a Servant, who gives Heartfree *a Letter.*

Bel. Heartfree your Husband, ſay you? 'tis impoſſible.

Lady *Fancy.* Wou'd to kind Heaven it were: but 'tis too true; and in the World there lives not ſuch a Wretch. I'm young; and either I have been flatter'd by my Friends, as well as Glaſs, or Nature has been kind and generous to me. I had a Fortune too, was greater far than he could ever hope for. But with my Heart, I am robb'd of all the reſt. I'm Slighted and I'm Beggar'd both at once. I have ſcarce a bare Subſiſtence from the Villain, yet dare complain to none; for he has ſworn, if e'er 'tis known I am his Wife, he'll murder me. [*Weeping.*

Bel. The Traytor.

Lady *Fancy.* I accidentally was told he Courted you; Charity ſoon prevail'd upon me to prevent your Miſery: And as you ſee, I'm ſtill ſo generous even to him, as not to ſuffer he ſhould do a thing, for which the Law might take away his Life. [*Weeping.*

Bel. Poor Creature; how I pity her! [*They continue talking aſide.*

Heart. [*Aſide,*] Death and Damnation! —— Let me read it again. [Reads.] *Though I have a particular Reaſon, not to let you know who I am till I ſee you; yet you'll eaſily believe 'tis a faithful Friend that gives you this Advice.* —— *I have lain with* Bellinda. (Good.) —— *I have a Child by her,* (Better and Better.) *which is now at Nurſe;* (Heav'n be prais'd.) *and I think the Foundation laid for another:* (Ha! — Old Trupenny!) —— *No Rack could have tortur'd this Story from me; but Friendſhip has done it. I heard of your deſign to Marry her, and cou'd not ſee you Abus'd. Make uſe of my Advice, but keep my Secret till I ask you for't again.* Adieu.

[*Exit Lady* Fancyfull.

Conſt. to *B.*] Come, Madam; Shall we ſend for the Parſon? I doubt here's no buſineſs for the Lawyer: Younger Brothers have nothing to ſettle but their Hearts, and that I believe my Friend here has already done, very faithfully.

Bel. [*ſcornfully.*] Are you ſure, Sir, there are no old Mortgages upon it.

Heart. [*coldly.*] If you think there are, Madam, it mayn't be amiſs to deferr the Marriage till you are ſure they are paid off.

Bel. [*Aſide.*] How the Gall'd Horſe Kicks!

[*To* Heart.] We'll deferr it as long as you pleaſe, Sir.

Heart. The more Time we take to conſider on't, Madam, the leſs apt we ſhall be to commit Overſights; Therefore, if you pleaſe, we'll put it off, for juſt Nine Months.

Bel. Guilty Conſciences make Men Cowards: I don't wonder you want Time to Reſolve.

Heart. And they make Women Deſperate: I don't wonder you were ſo quickly Determin'd.

Bel. What does the Fellow mean?

Heart. What do's the Lady mean?

Sir *John.* Zoons, what do you both mean?

[Heart. *and* Bel. *walk chafing about.*

Raſ. [*Aſide.*] Here is ſo much Sport going to be ſpoil'd, it makes me ready to weep again. A Pox o' this Impertinent Lady *Fancyfull*, and her Plots, and her French-woman too. She's a Whimſical, Ill-natur'd Bitch, and when I have got my Bones broke in her Service, 'tis Ten to One but my Recompence is a Clap; I hear 'em tittering without ſtill. I Cod I'll e'en go lug 'em both in by the Ears, and Diſcover the Plot, to ſecure my Pardon. [*Exit.* Raſ.

Conſt. Prithee explain, *Heartfree.*

Heart. A fair Deliverance; thank my Stars and my Friend.

Bel. 'Tis well it went no farther. A Baſe Fellow.

Lady B. What can be the meaning of all this?

Bel. What's his meaning, I don't know. But mine is; That if I had Married him——I had had no Husband.

Heart. And what's her meaning, I don't know. But mine is; That if I had Married her——I had had Wife enough.

Sir *John.* Your People of Wit, have got ſuch Cramp ways of expreſſing themſelves, they ſeldom comprehend one another. Pox take you both, will you ſpeak that you may be Underſtood.

Enter Raſor *in Sackcloth, pulling in Lady* Fancyf. *and* Madamoiſ.

Raſ. If they won't, here comes an Interpreter.

Lady B. Heavens, what have we here?

Raſ. A Villain, — but a Repenting Villain. Stuff which Saints in all Ages have been made of.

All. Raſor.

Lady B. What means this ſuddain Metamorphoſe?

Raſ. Nothing: without my Pardon.

Lady B. What Pardon do you want?

Raſ. Imprimis, Your Ladiſhips; For a Damnable Lye made upon your Spotleſs Virtue, and ſet to the Tune of *Spring-Garden.*

[*To* Sir *John*] Next, At my Generous Maſter's Feet I bend, for Interrupting his more Noble Thoughts with Phantomes of Diſgraceful Cuckoldom.

[*To Conſt.*] Thirdly, I to this Gentleman apply, for making him the Hero of my Romance.

[*To* Heartf.] Fourthly, Your Pardon, Noble Sir, I ask, for Clandeſtinely Marrying you, without either bidding of Banns; Biſhop's Licence, Friends Conſent — or your own Knowledge.

[*To* Bel.] And laſtly, to my good young Ladies Clemency I come, for pretending the Corn was ſow'd in the Ground, before ever the Plough had been in the Field.

Sir

Sir *John.* [*aside.*] So that after all, 'tis a Moot Point, whether I am a Cuckold or not.

Bel. Well Sir, upon Condition you confeſs all, I'll Pardon you my ſelf, and try to obtain as much from the reſt of the Company. But I muſt know then, who 'tis has put you upon all this Miſchief?

Raſ. Sathan, and his Equipage. Woman tempted me, Luſt weaken'd me;—And ſo the Devil overcame me: As fell *Adam*, ſo fell I.

Bel. Then pray, Mr. *Adam*, will you make us acquainted with your *Eve*.

Raſ. to Madam.] Unmask, for the honour of *France*.

All. Madamoiſelle?

Madamoiſ. Me ask ten touſand Pardon of all de good Company.

Sir *John.* Why this Myſtery thickens inſtead of clearing up. [*To* Raſ.] You Son of a Whore you, put us out of our pain.

Raſ. One moment brings Sun-ſhine.

Shewing Madamoiſ.] 'Tis true; This is the Woman, that tempted me. But this is the Serpent, that tempted the Woman; And if my Prayers might be heard, her Puniſhment for ſo doing, ſhou'd be like the Serpent's of Old.

Pulls off Lady F's *Mask.*] She ſhould lie upon her Face, all the days of her Life.

All. Lady *Fancyfull.*

Bel. Impertinent.

Lady B. Ridiculous.

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Bel. I hope your Ladiſhip will give me leave to wiſh you Joy, ſince you have own'd your Marriage your ſelf.

Mr. *Heartfree:* I vow 'twas ſtrangely wicked in you, to think of another VVife, when you had one already ſo Charming as her Ladiſhip.

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Lady F. aſide] Confuſion ſeize 'em as it ſeizes me.

Madamoiſ. Que le Diable a toute ce Maraut de *Raſor*.

Bel. Your Ladiſhip ſeems diſorder'd: A Breeding Qualm, perhaps. Mr. *Heartfree*: Your Bottle of Hungry VVater to your Lady. Why Madam, he ſtands as Unconcern'd, as if he were your Husband in earneſt.

Lady Fancy. Your Mirth's as nauſeous as your ſelf *Bellinda.* You think you triumph o'er a Rival now.

Helas ma pauvre fille. Where e'er I'm Rival, there's no cauſe for Mirth. No, my poor Wretch; 'tis from another Principle I have acted. I knew that thing there wou'd make ſo perverſe a Husband, and you ſo impertinent a Wife; that leſt your mutual Plagues ſhou'd make you both run Mad, I charitably wou'd have broke the Match. He, he, he, he, he. [*Exit laughing affectedly.* Madamoiſelle *following her.*

Madamoiſ.

Madamoiſ. He, he, he, he, he.

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Sir *John.* [*aſide.*] Why now this Woman will be married to ſomebody too.

Bel. Poor Creature, what a Paſſion ſhe's in: But I forgive her.

Heart. Since you have ſo much goodneſs for her, I hope you'll Pardon my Offence too, Madam.

Bel. There will be no great difficulty in that, ſince I am guilty of an equal Fault.

Heart. Then Pardons being paſt on all Sides, Pray let's to Church to conclude the Day's Work.

Conſt. But before you go, let me treat you pray with a Song, a new married Lady made within this Week; it may be of uſe to you both.

SONG.

1.

WHen yeilding firſt to Damon's *flame*
I ſunk into his Arms,
He ſwore he'd ever be the ſame,
Then riſ'd all my Charms.
But fond of what h'ad long deſir'd,
Too greedy of his Prey,
My Shepherds flame, alas, expir'd
Before the Virge of Day.

2.

My Innocence in Lovers Wars,
Reproach'd his quick defeat,
Confus'd, Aſham'd, and Bath'd in Tears,
I mourn'd his Cold Retreat.
At length, Ah Shepherdeſs, cry'd he,
Would you my Fire renew,
Alas you muſt retreat like me,
I'm loſt if you purſue.

Heart. So Madam; Now had the Parſon but done his Buſineſs——

Bel. You'd be half weary of your Bargain.

Heart. No ſure, I might diſpenſe with one Night's Lodging.

Bel. I'm ready to try, Sir.

Heart. Then Let's to Church:
And if it be our Chance, to diſagree,——

Bel. Take heed:—The ſurly Husband's Fate you ſee.

FINIS.

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